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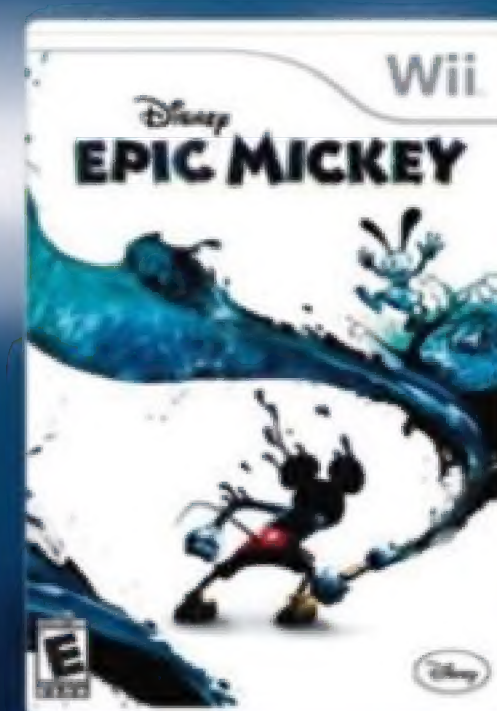




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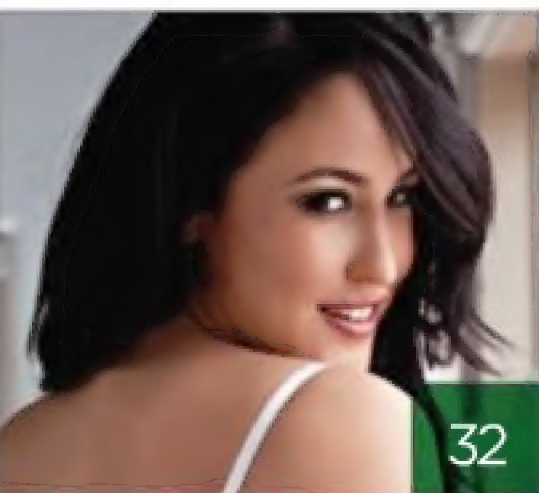
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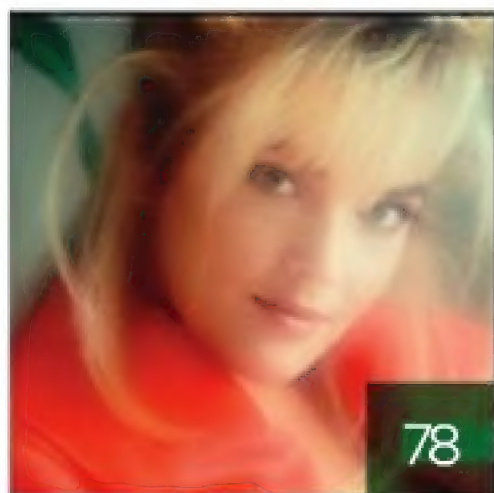
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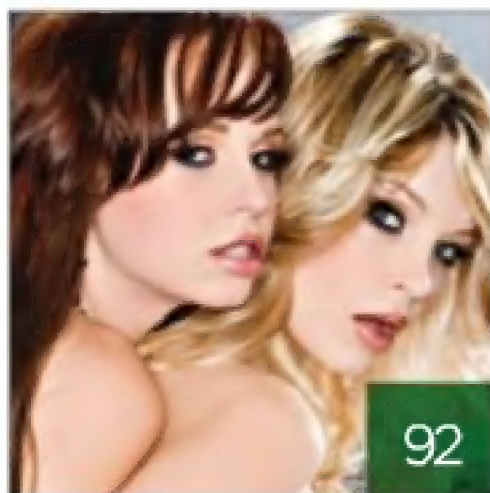
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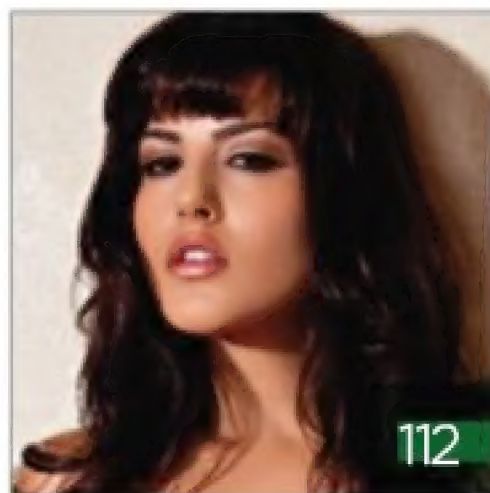
32



78



92



112



Ella
Milano
page 56

PICTORIALS

32 She's Got the Write Stuff

Pet of the Year Runner-Up
Ryan Keely

56 A Smart Cookie

Pet of the Month Ella Milano

78 The Guccione Years

January 1992 Pet of
the Year Brandy

92 Glitter Girls

Bree Victoria &
Hayden Winters

112 The Return of a Queen

Sunny Leone

FULLERONTAL

11 Revealing Entertainment

12 The Fifth Annual Penthouse Dirty Dozen

Hollywood's best hot
scenes, bare asses, and
sexed-up concepts.

14 Flicks

Drive Angry 3D, *Battle: Los Angeles*, and other previews.

16 Sounds

The Twilight Singers, Lucinda Williams, and more.

17 Reads

Your Wildest Dreams;
Within Reason; *Kingpin*;
Vietnamerica.

18 Joystick

Top eye-gouging 3-D titles,
plus essential 3-D gear.

LIFE ON TOP

21 Guided Tour

Mardi Gras tits and ass.

24 Freewheelin'

Ducati's Diavel.

26 Driving Force

Mercedes-Benz's SLS AMG.

28 Tech

Helpful hardware.

30 The Pour House

Drinking in a dry land.

FEATURES

42 Batters Up
Is getting pummeled by a barrage of bat-wielding roller-derby girls really a vacation? By Chris Illuminati

48 Back in the Game
The Farrelly brothers' *Hall Pass* gets married men—and their wives—dating again. Interview by John Bolster

52 Sex and Drugs Made Me a Man
Everything he knows about manhood he learned from women. By Jesse Kornbluth

72 Nothing's Shocking
Rock star Dave Navarro takes your questions.

74 Creature Feature
Taxidermist Sarina Brewer literally has skin in her game. By Christine Colby

86 Avatar in the Amazon
Real-life Na'vi are fighting for survival. By Nicholas Gill

90 Gametime
March Madness memories. By John Bolster

108 Bedtime Stories
"Call Me," erotic fiction by Kristina Wright



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48



26

DEPARTMENTS

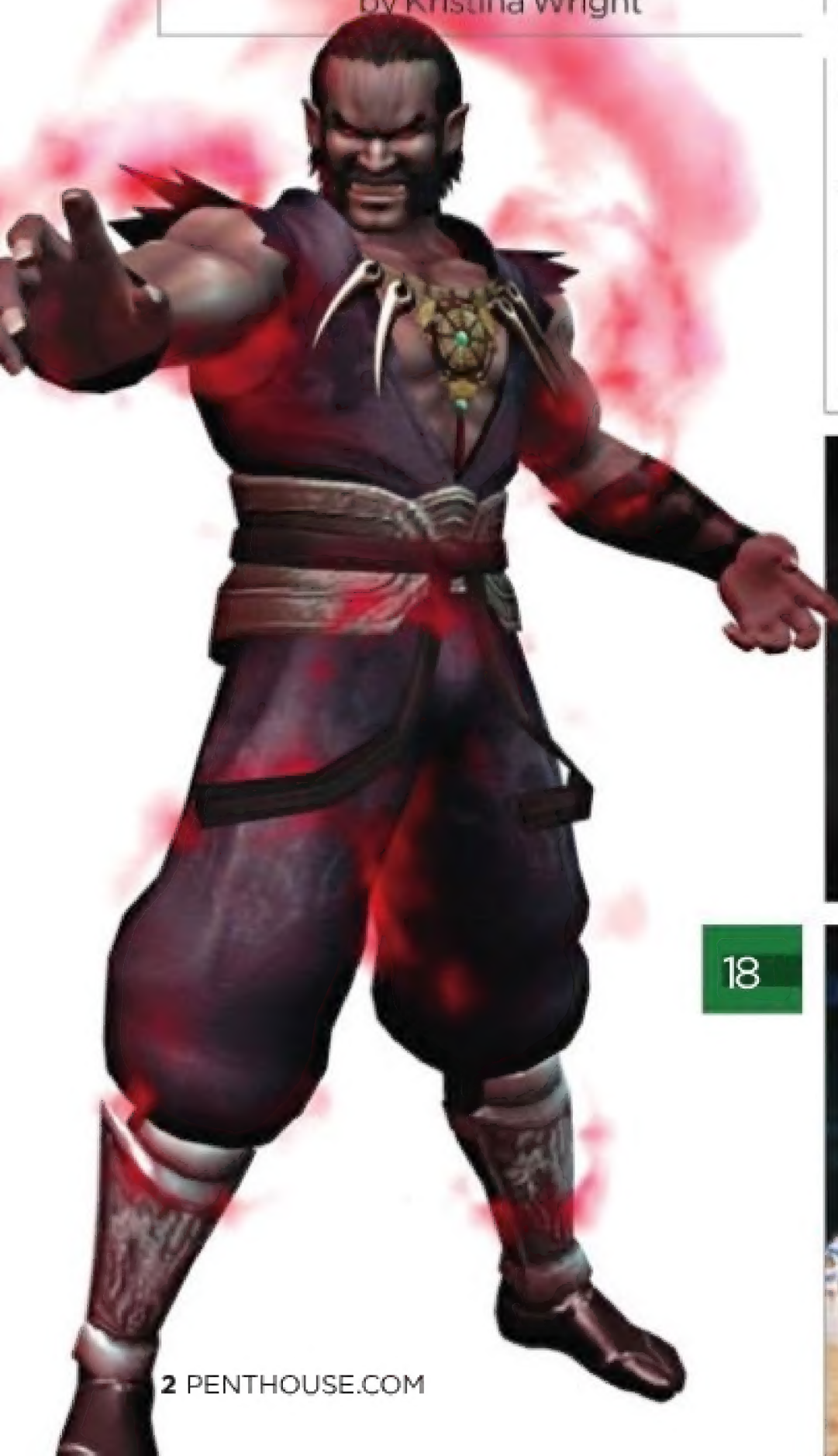
4 Forum
104 Sex Ed.
122 X-Rated Video
134 Parting Shot



74



90



18




108

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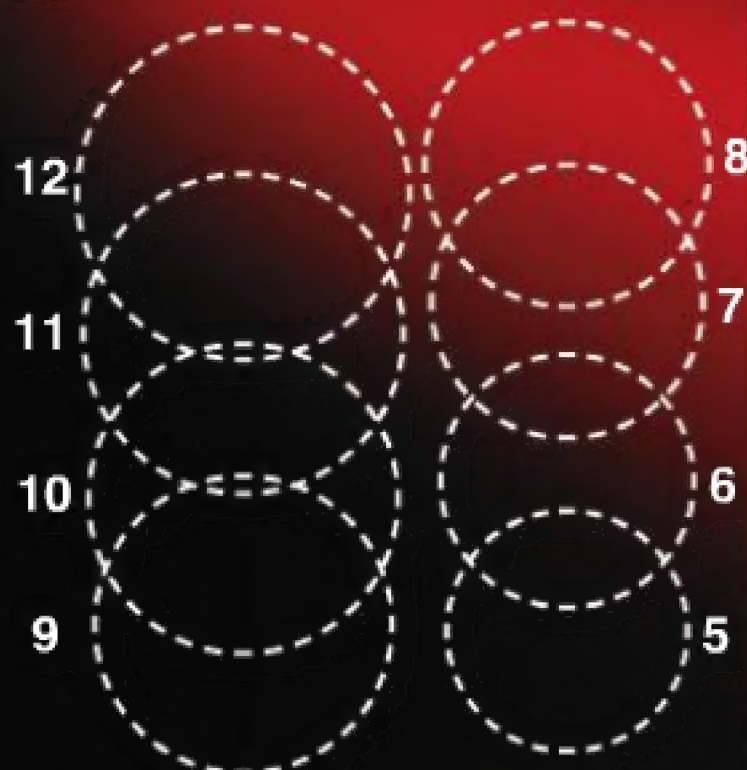


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Monday Night Game

I don't know whether or not all hot women have hot apartment mates, but my girlfriend, Linda, and her roommate are both definitely tens. I know they're both a 36C because they swap bras, they're both about five foot ten with legs that never end, and their heart-shaped asses are the stuff dreams are made of. I often drift off to sleep imagining them devouring each other's shaved pussy in a sixty-nine.

I also don't know if women can read men's dirty minds, but I strongly suspect they can. Here's why: A few weeks ago I was settling down to watch football when Linda called and told me to come over with a bottle of wine. She said she'd leave the door open. "Just be sure to lock it when you come in," she added.

Since Linda knows that Monday night is reserved for football, I was a little annoyed by her request, but when she said she would make it worth the trip, I was also intrigued. Abandoning the game, I grabbed my jacket and a bottle of wine from the fridge, then headed over.

Inside her apartment, I heard lots of sighing and moaning. I figured Linda was watching one of her soft-core chick flicks. I set the wine on the dining room table and made my way to her bedroom.

What I saw was not soft-core. Linda was stretched out on the bed, naked. Her roommate Allison, who was also

While Allison lapped up Linda's juices, sliding her tongue between my girlfriend's cunt lips, I probed Allison's tight pussy.

naked, had her head buried between Linda's legs. I was tongue-tied, unlike Allison, who was tongue- and finger-fucking Linda, thrusting in and out of her wet pinkness.

I don't know how long I stood there before Linda finally noticed me and said, "Don't just stand there, Jamie. Get naked and fuck me."

In about two seconds I'd shed my clothes and was on the bed, flipping Linda onto her stomach and pulling her up on her knees. Seeing Allison go down on Linda had my cock rock-hard, and Linda's cunt was sopping wet. I slid easily into her heat and began pounding away. Linda pushed back in rhythm with my thrusting, and I could see Allison, who'd slid under Linda, raising and lowering her glistening shaved pussy against Linda's tongue. With no warning, Allison screamed and arched her back. Linda came almost immediately afterward, coating my prick with her hot fluid. I was close to coming, too, and three pounding strokes later, I shot a ginormous load into Linda's twat.

Afterward, we all took a few minutes to recover. Then Allison crawled between Linda's legs again and Linda told me to go ahead and fuck Allison. She didn't have to tell me twice. I'd often thought about what it would be like to screw Allison, but I never thought I'd have the chance. My cock rose to the occasion, and while Allison lapped up Linda's sweet juices, sliding her tongue between my girlfriend's slick cunt lips and gently rubbing her pebble-hard clit, my cock probed Allison's tight pussy. It didn't take long for the girls to come again with screaming, bed-shaking climaxes. Seeing their beautiful tits, asses, and cunts, and feeling Allison's pussy contracting around my prick, made me shoot another load, which felt even bigger than my first.

We spent the rest of the night getting into every combination possible. Now when I'm alone at night, I don't have to imagine Linda and Allison having sex with each other. I just have to remember what happened that Monday night.—J.J., North Carolina

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.



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RUBBER LOVER

As soon as my wife walked in from her night out with the girls, she told me she was horny and needed to get fucked with Roger.

Roger is Stacie's fat, nine-inch rubber cock that she named after her fantasy lover. Whenever she's really horny and in need of a long, hard fucking, she'll ask for Roger, and I've never had a problem obliging her. I certainly can't compete with the rubber cock's length, and it never gets soft. My No. 1 sexual priority is bringing pleasure to my wife, and her rubber cock has never failed to give her what she needs—whether it's me using it to fuck her, or Stacie fucking herself.

After Stacie got undressed, I joined her on the bed with Roger in hand. I was all set to start teasing her with it when she took it from me and asked if I'd like to watch. This was an incredible surprise, because while we both indulge in the pleasures of masturbation, Stacie has always felt that it was something to be enjoyed privately. I'd tried, unsuccessfully, during our ten years of marriage, to entice Stacie to explore mutual masturbation. I didn't know what had finally convinced Stacie to get herself off in front of me, but I couldn't wait to watch.

I sat down next to my wife as she brought one hand to her big tits and the other to her freshly waxed cunt. Seeing her touch herself for the first time was like watching a porno up close and personal.

"Look how hard my clit is," Stacie crooned, as she pulled back the fleshy hood to show me her stiff little knob, and parted her cunt lips to show me how wet she was.

As Stacie pressed two fingers inside her juicy cunt, she told me to jack off on her tits. This was another surprise, because while Stacie has given me many handjobs, I'd never masturbated in front of her.

After I knelt next to Stacie and began stroking myself over her tits, she picked up the rubber cock and buried its full length into her cunt.

"Oh, baby, I love watching you jack off over my tits," Stacie sighed, her eyes fixed on my hand as I stroked from the base to the head, moving my thumb over the tip to spread the moisture that had begun seeping out.

"And I love watching you fuck yourself with Roger," I responded as Stacie



moved the dildo, now glistening with her juices, in and out of her cunt.

I let my gaze bounce from Stacie's tits to the beautiful action between her legs for as long as I could, until I gave in, spewing my big load of white cream onto Stacie's tits.

"Oh, your come feels hot, baby!" Stacie cried out, thrusting the rubber cock harder and deeper into her box.

Satisfied for the moment, I concentrated on the erotic display of my wife pleasuring herself.

"Oh, yes! Fuck me, Roger! Fuck me hard!" Stacie screamed, driving her rubber lover deeper inside her cunt with each thrust while her fingers worked vigorously on her clit.

"Oh, shit, I'm coming! I'm coming!" she cried, and at the moment of her explosion, Stacie raised her knees and

spread her legs wide. After shoving Roger in deep one final time, she pulled him free and had one of the biggest orgasms I'd ever witnessed, squirting her pleasure onto the sheet and the insides of her thighs. I'd never seen anything so beautifully erotic.

She started screaming for me to eat her pussy, so I dove in, and within minutes I was sucking her off to another big climax, this time onto my waiting tongue.

Getting onto her hands and knees, Stacie filled her cunt from behind with Roger and fucked herself off again. Then she handed me the rubber cock and I fucked Stacie to two more glorious orgasms that finally quenched her thirst for the night.

Since that incredibly beautiful experience, Stacie and I have added mutual masturbation to our lovemaking, and our sex lives are just getting better and better.—N. & S.G., Minnesota

More letters on page 124

I didn't know what had convinced Stacie to get off in front of me, but I couldn't wait to watch.

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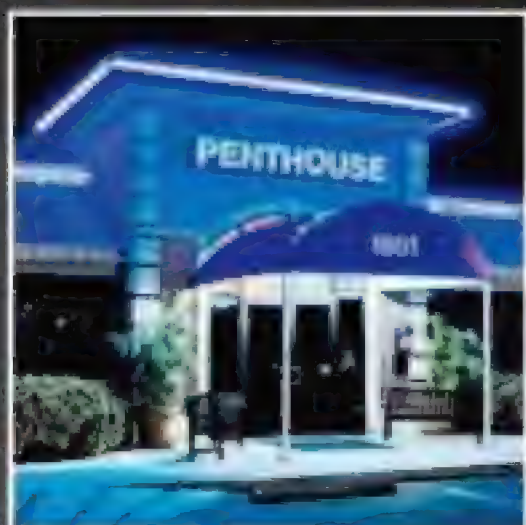
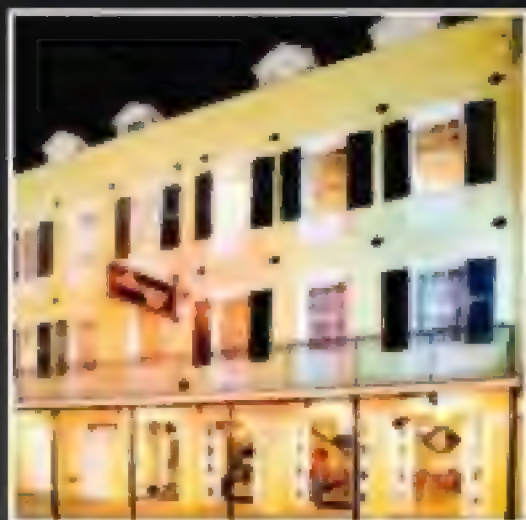
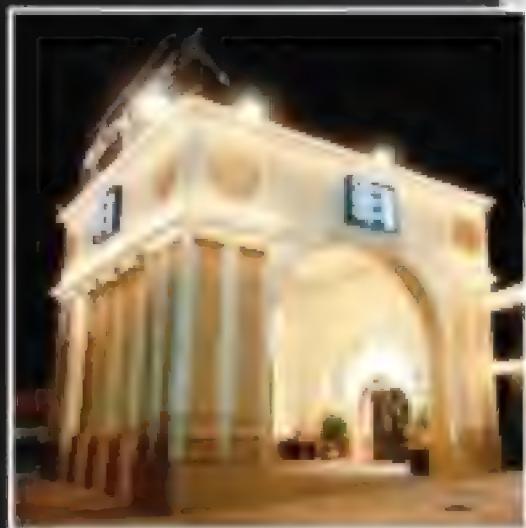
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LESS IS MOORE

Julianne Moore has few equals in Hollywood—and none when it comes to shedding clothes for nude scenes. As we debated who should be honored with a Double D in our fifth annual celebration of the best naked and naughty Hollywood moments, we quickly realized that handing her a Lifetime Achievement in Highbrow Nudity Award was a no-brainer.





OUR OWN DAMN MOVIE AWARDS

The Fifth Annual *Penthouse* Dirty Dozen

Okay, 2010 wasn't the greatest year in cinema. But it *did* deliver some steamy movie moments, and that's all we ask for. Here are the hot scenes, bare asses, and screwed-up concepts that spiced up the screen.



BEST SEX SCENE

Anne Hathaway and Jake Gyllenhaal, *Love and Other Drugs*

Usually, to see a legitimately hot sex scene, you have to slog through a shitty horror movie or weepy indie. (Case in point: The last time we saw Hathaway's rack, it was the lone highlight in *Rachel Getting Married*, which killed our buzz faster than you can say "tragic drowning accident.") But we actually got a few laughs while waiting for the wild, messy, carnal kitchen sex in *Drugs*.

BEST ORAL

Natalie Portman and Mila Kunis, *Black Swan*

Mila Kunis going down on Natalie Portman is a scene that had played out

in our fantasies a few thousand times before we actually saw it, er, come to life on-screen. We want to buy the screenwriters a beer for putting this twisted, sexy scene in the script of a weird ballet-oriented chick flick.

WORST ORAL

Ashley C. Williams, Ashlynn Yennie, and Akihiro Kitamura, *The Human Centipede*

Naked newcomers Williams and Yennie go ass-to-mouth—the concept sounds amazing on paper, until you realize the movie is a bizarre medical thriller about digestive-tract experiments. Much like the internet sensation "2 Girls 1 Cup," we spent the next few weeks wishing we could un-watch it.

LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT IN HIGHBROW NUDITY

Julianne Moore (with Amanda Seyfried in *Chloe* and Mark Ruffalo in *The Kids Are All Right*)

Moore was an overachiever in 2010—she rounded third base with Seyfried in the sexy thriller *Chloe*, then got it on with Annette Bening and Mark Ruffalo (not at the same time, unfortunately) in the sperm-donor dramedy *The Kids Are All Right*. Her double-duty nudity easily earned her a place in this year's Double Ds, but we're giving her a Lifetime Achievement Award for her willingness to go full-frontal in the name of art. From proving she's a natural redhead in *Short Cuts* to *Boogie Nights* to *The End of the Affair* to *Blindness*, she knows how to steam up an otherwise serious movie—and make us feel like culture buffs while we're ogling her naked bod.

BEST CGI NUDE SCENE

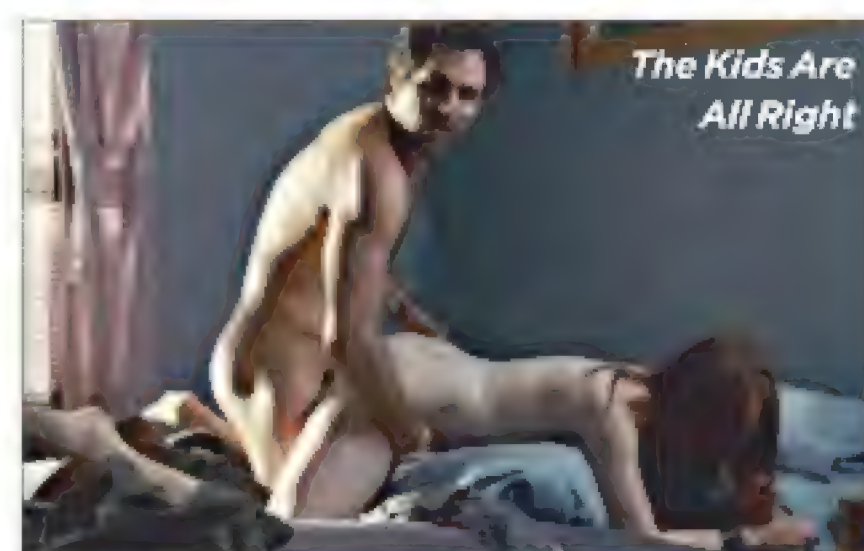
Jessica Alba, *Machete*

Alba's steamy shower scene was a welcome distraction from wondering how the hell Lindsay Lohan, Cheech Marin, and Robert De Niro ended up in a movie together. Imagine our disappointment when we learned her undergarments were only *digitally* removed. Still, since Jess refuses to strip down on film, this will have to suffice.

BEST CHILD-STAR CROSSOVER

Christy Carlson Romano, *Mirrors 2*

We were shocked and titillated that the sweet, innocent voice behind Disney's *Kim Possible* bared her perfect rack in the straight-to-DVD





127 Hours



Machete



Mirrors 2

horror flick *Mirrors 2*. But we're sure the nude scenes were essential to the integrity of the movie.

BEST REASON TO SILENTLY THANK YOUR GIRLFRIEND

Burlesque

This campy movie-musical opened on Thanksgiving weekend. So did the Rock's manhunt flick *Faster*. While single guys were forced to save face by watching the latter, those of us with girlfriends were "reluctantly" dragged to the former—and were secretly thankful to have an excuse to check out Kristen Bell, Christina Aguilera, and Dianna Agron in their undies.

BREAKTHROUGH GROSS-OUT ACTRESS

Carla Gallo, *Get Him to the Greek*

Although it was uncomfortable watching Jonah Hill get violated by Gallo's psycho-groupie character, we couldn't help noticing two things: (1) she's kinda hot, and (2) we'd seen her somewhere before. A quick background check ID'd her as the "period dancer" in *Superbad*. We love a chick who will do anything—even Jonah Hill—for a laugh.

WORST POST-MOVIE HEADACHE

Inception

Was the whole story just a dream? Is

reality just a dream? And what was with the spinning top? The more we talk about it, the more confused we become. But we don't feel too bad—writer Christopher Nolan started researching the concept in his teens and spent eight years honing the script. We're willing to bet that, like us, he went through a few bottles of Advil while trying to figure out what the fuck was going on.

MOST ANTICIPATED AMPUTATION SCENE

Tie: Crispin Glover in *Hot Tub Time Machine*; James Franco in *127 Hours*

Who would've thought there'd be such stiff competition in this category? In *HTTM*, Rob Corddry's Lou spends much of his time in the past begging the doomed bellhop to lose his damn arm already—which is how we felt for most of *127 Hours*.

WORST CASE OF CHILD'S PLAY

Tie: Dwayne Johnson in *Tooth Fairy*; Jackie Chan in *The Spy Next Door*

It seems downright blasphemous to watch two of the greatest action stars currently in the biz pulling babysitting duty in awful family flicks. The Rock partially redeemed himself as a vengeful ex-con in *Faster* and an übercop in *The Other Guys*—but Chan seems frighteningly comfortable in

MOVIE TITLES THAT COULD BE PORN

44 Inch Chest, *How to Train Your Dragon*, *Furry Vengeance*, *Trash Humpers*, *Winter's Bone*, *South of the Border*, *Love Ranch*, *Spring Fever*, *Going the Distance*, *The Virginity Hit*, *The Tempest*, *Rabbit Hole*



Inception


his seat at the kiddie table, starring in the *Karate Kid* remake and signing on for *Kung Fu Panda 2*.

BEST TRUTH-STRETCHING

The Social Network

A historically accurate movie about the creation of Facebook would probably be as exciting as watching your nerdy college roommate write code for 20 hours a day—*exactly* as exciting, in fact. We're glad Aaron Sorkin had the good sense to add some sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll (or at least Justin Timberlake) to the mix.

5 REASONS WE'RE GLAD IT'S 2011

Adrenaline junkies will get their fill this year—there are so many huge blockbusters on tap, it was hard to pick just five. **The Green Lantern.** Ryan Reynolds moves over to a DC character in one of the most anticipated movies of the year. (It beats Reynolds's *Deadpool* movie by a year.) Advance clips and trailers look great, and *Gossip Girl* hottie Blake Lively and Mark Strong as the evil Sinestro should be worth checking out. **Pirates of the Caribbean: On Stranger Tides.** Our favorite high-seas franchise returns—this time with Penélope Cruz. **Cowboys & Aliens.** Aliens attack the Wild West, but we have Indiana Jones and James Bond on our side. Hell, yeah! **Contagion.** We'll just name-drop: director Steven Soderbergh; *Bourne Ultimatum* screenwriter Scott Z. Burns; Matt Damon, Jude Law, Kate Winslet, Gwyneth Paltrow, Laurence Fishburne, Marion Cotillard, Sanaa Lathan, and Bryan Cranston. It can't *possibly* suck, right? **Super 8.** We sort of hate J. J. Abrams for shrouding his films in secrecy, but dammit, we're dying to find out what this one's about. 



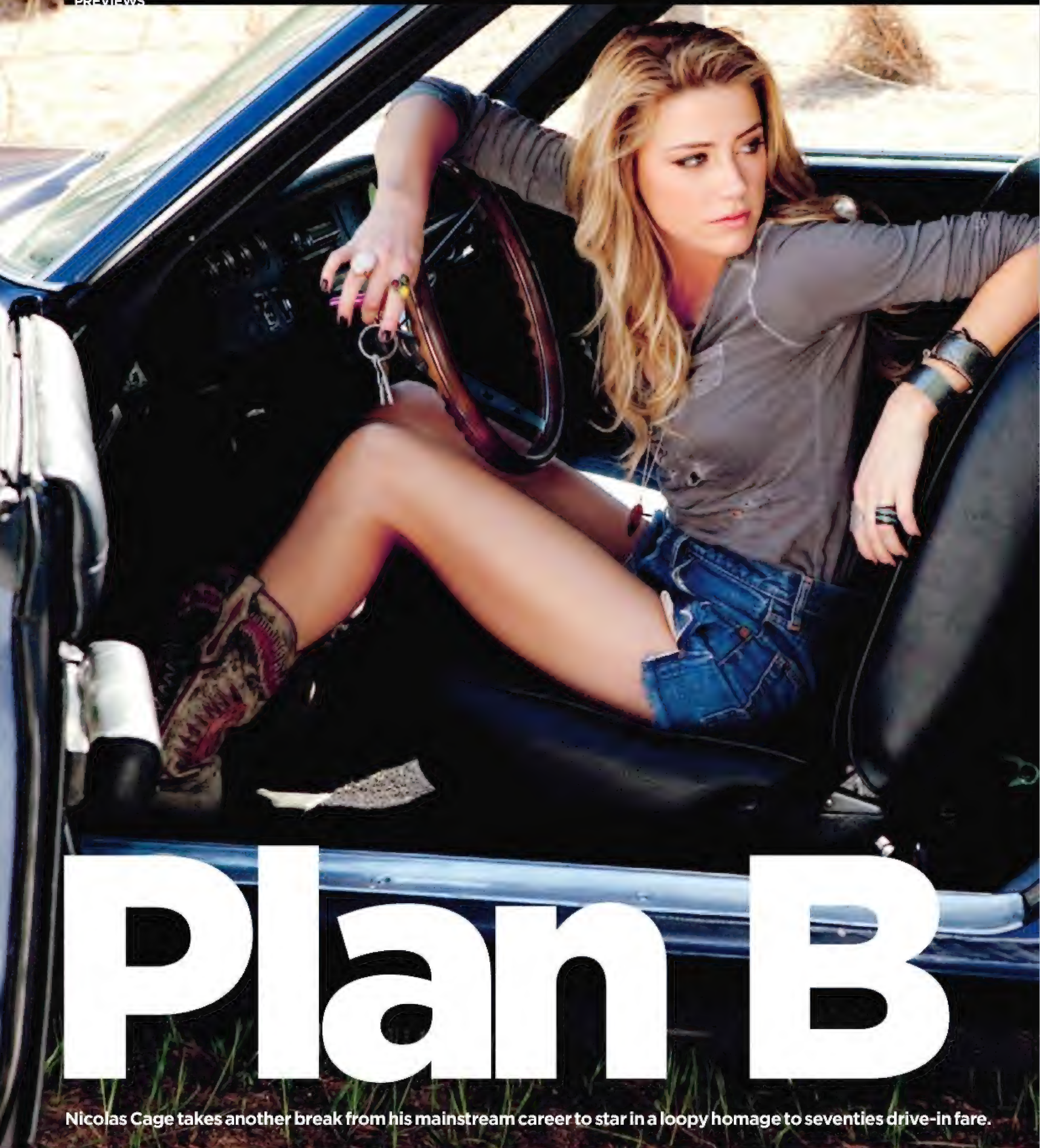
Full Frontal

REVEALING ENTERTAINMENT



FLICKS

PREVIEWS



Plan B

Nicolas Cage takes another break from his mainstream career to star in a loopy homage to seventies drive-in fare.



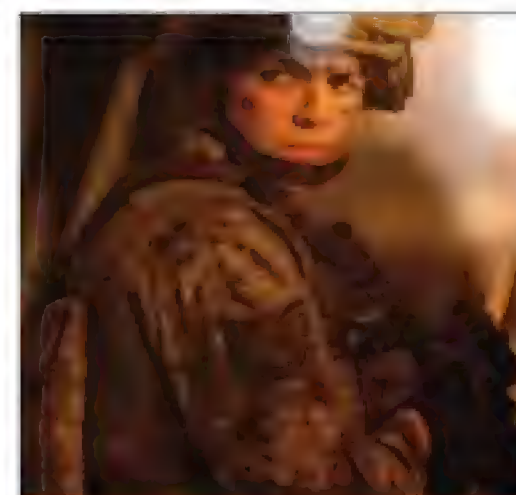
Drive Angry 3D
Nicolas Cage, Amber Heard,
William Fichtner

Cage is in the midst of a glorious renaissance of crazy that kicked off with 2009's *Bad Lieutenant: Port of Call New Orleans* and shows no signs of letting up. Go online and check out the perfectly over-the-top, seventies-B-movie trailer for *Drive Angry* to see what we mean. Listen as the narrator solemnly intones, "He broke out of hell to make things right!" And watch while Cage chews scenery as a furious, shades-bedecked father, Milton, who commandeers a muscle car to wreak unholy vengeance on the cult that kidnapped his daughter. Think of this as a kind of *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* of the drive-in: People calmly walk out of explosions without a scratch; bullets abruptly change direction in slo-mo. (And we strongly suggest taking public transportation to and from the theater.) Then there's Heard in a pair of Daisy Dukes that just might give the originals a run for their money, and the fact that Cage's supernatural foe—called only "the Accountant"—is embodied by the only actor who might outshout Cage, *Prison Break*'s Fichtner. Oh, and it's all in 3-D, of course.



Hall Pass
Owen Wilson, Christina Applegate, Jason Sudeikis, Jenna Fischer

The dirty little secret about the Farrelly brothers (*There's Something About Mary*, *Kingpin*) is that they're keenly interested in the sweetness that comes with the romantic embarrassments they portray—not just the crudeness or occasionally misplaced "hair gel." Their latest offers an ideal chance for them to display that empathy: After a pair of frustrated wives grant their middle-aged husbands (Wilson and Sudeikis) a weeklong "hall pass" to cheat without ramifications, off the men go—straight to Applebee's. They're no longer players, as is painfully obvious, and when their wives activate *their* hall passes, things get complicated—and interesting.



Battle: Los Angeles
Aaron Eckhart, Michelle Rodriguez

Why do we think *this* alien-invasion flick ought to be a thousand times better than last year's forgettable *Skyline*? (Don't remember that one? Told you it was forgettable.) First, actual actors have been hired, including *The Dark Knight's* Eckhart as a Marine staff sergeant who saves the world, and Rodriguez (always a signifier of quality nonsense) as some kind of military badass. Second, you get to see Los Angeles completely toasted, from the Valley to the ocean—and judging from the trailer, the destruction is epic. Finally, the budget is reported to be upward of a comfortable \$100 million. Eat your heart out, Roland Emmerich.



Rango
Johnny Depp, Isla Fischer, Timothy Olyphant

Pixar has raised the bar so high for animated features that most projects from competing studios are doomed from the start. But there's a lot of excitement about *Rango*, Industrial Light & Magic's first CG feature. Depp, who was born to play a neurotic lizard (really, he was), slips into the role of a chameleon with identity issues (who wears a Hunter S. Thompson-esque Hawaiian shirt). The animation is sumptuous, and the director is Gore Verbinski, Depp's compadre on the *Pirates of the Caribbean* movies. Call us cautiously optimistic.



Vanishing on 7th Street
Hayden Christensen, Thandie Newton, John Leguizamo

There's a fine line between postapocalyptic awesomeness and M. Night Stupidity—and director Brad Anderson knows how to walk it. (Check out his ultracreeepy *Session 9*.) Anderson's new one is set in a depopulated Detroit, where a few stragglers—like Christensen and Leguizamo—wake up and wonder what the hell happened. The trailer looks very *28 Days Later*, but the lack of zombies is somehow more unnerving. It's the darkness itself that becomes menacing. Expect a heavy, dread-soaked atmosphere. **O+**



THE TWILIGHT SINGERS

Dynamite Steps

Sub Pop

★★★★

On record Greg Dulli is a vampire—an ageless, charismatic hulk of a man who stays up all hours fueled by vice, excess, and his own yowling muse. In reality, Dulli recently sobered up after a legendarily debauched run that began with his influential nineties funk/punk band the Afghan Whigs. *Dynamite Steps*, Dulli's fourth proper album as the Twilight Singers, is a Dante-like journey into the depths of addiction (to drugs, to love), speckled with occasional glimpses of the dawn. The ominous, ecstatic "Waves" is a midnight drag race down the freeways of Los Angeles, Dulli's adopted hometown, while the soulful "The Beginning of the End" offers hope. "I come alive in the present tense," Dulli croons. Hangover free, better than ever.

WATCH HIM EXPLODE

Greg Dulli chronicles the depths of addiction and puts a charge into recovery on *Dynamite Steps*, the brilliant fourth studio album from the Twilight Singers.



LUCINDA WILLIAMS
Blessed
Lost Highway
★★★★

"I'm 57 but I could be 7 years old," Lucinda Williams sings early on her tenth studio album, and it's almost possible to believe her. Not that many first-graders are capable of such

effortlessly affecting song craft; it's just that the critically adored, recently married Williams—known for decades as a painstaking perfectionist—seems to be amping up just when she might be forgiven for slowing down. Produced by veteran Don Was, *Blessed* is Williams's third album in four years, and it's stacked with her signature world-weary eye (and ear) for beauty. The haunted, lovely "Kiss Like Your Kiss," especially, is proof that, as the late, great Aaliyah once said, age ain't nothing but a number.



P. J. HARVEY
Let England Shake
Vagrant
★★★

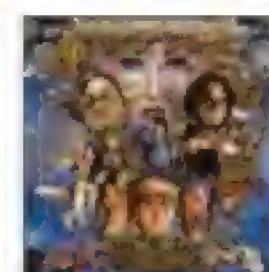
Polly Jean Harvey is one of the most celebrated artists in recent rock history, but, in truth, there are many P. J. Harveys: From her

raw beginnings in 1992 to her critical and commercial zenith (2000's *Stories From the City, Stories From the Sea*), no two Harvey albums are alike. Her eighth record is another reinvention, a series of strangely melancholy shanties all about (and possibly teleported from) a decaying dream-vision of England. War imagery abounds: "The Glorious Land" declares "orphaned children" the fruit of the land while the tinny sound of an infantry reveille fades in and out. Elsewhere, "Bitter Branches" are the outstretched arms of army widows. It all makes for heavy, occasionally transcendent listening.



...AND YOU WILL KNOW US BY THE TRAIL OF DEAD
Tao of the Dead
Superball
★★★

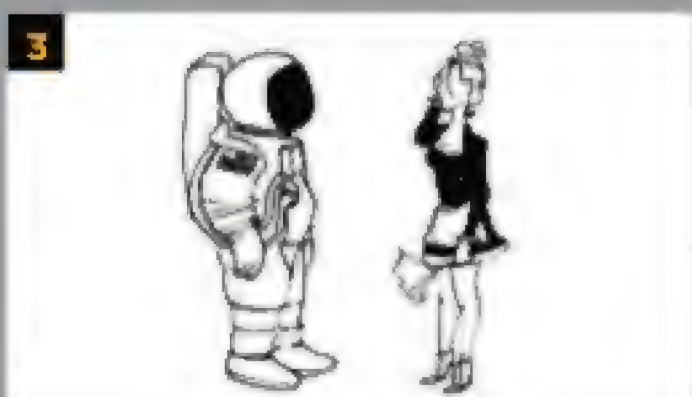
and certainly not their ambition. After a mid-decade major-label detour, the band is back to basics on album No. 7—basically insane, that is. *Tao of the Dead*, helpfully divided into two parts ("Tao of the Dead" and "The Ship Impossible"), is a far-reaching, furiously raging, art-rock beast. Sixteen-minute closer "Somewhere Over the Double Rainbow" morphs from throbbing stoner grooves to groovy stoner throbs. Like the original Double Rainbow guy, we're left asking, with a smile on our face, "What does it mean?"



There's never been anything small about ... And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead: not their name, not the state they hail from (Texas),

LO frickin' L

A new humor collection is guaranteed to tickle with looks at everyday tantric positions, robot law, and telltale signs your college is not very prestigious.

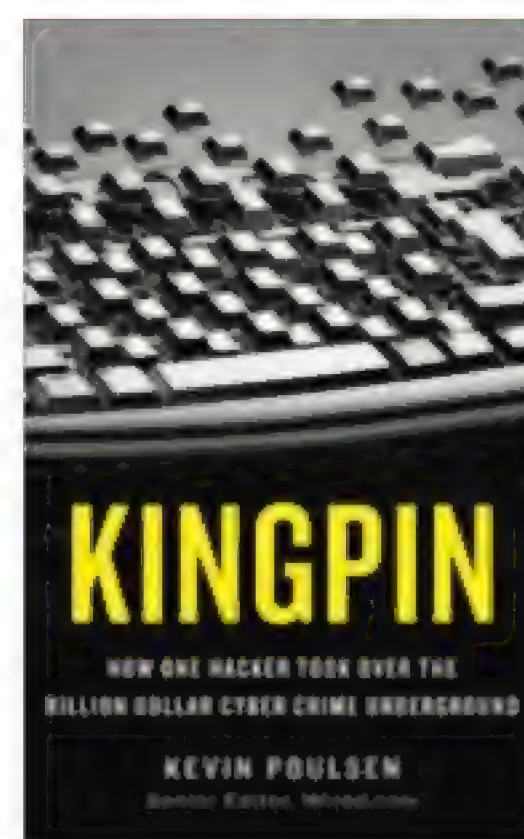


1: "Multitasking While Filling Out a Sudoku Puzzle" 2: "Careful, Please, the Home Vasectomy Hasn't Healed Yet" 3: "Obvious Miscommunication of Fantasy Themes" 4: "I Can't Believe We Just Met at the Hospital Chapel"

Your Wildest Dreams: Within Reason
by Mike Sacks



ook, we read his book, and Mike Sacks is a funny dude—we don't care what his friends say. Oh, wait a sec, his friends (and colleagues) say the same thing—and he's got some big-shot friends, from Conan O'Brien's head writer to celebrated humorist David Sedaris. They all agree with us that this collection (from Tin House) by the *Vanity Fair* staffer is full of wildly inventive, cockeyed material that will make you LOL. Whether it's letters to famous authors, a groom tweeting about his wedding day—and night—as it happens, or a publisher offering sage editorial advice to Anne Frank, there isn't a dud in the bunch.



Kingpin is an insider account (from Crown Books) of hacker Max Butler, aka Max Ray Vision, by a *Wired* reporter who's himself a former hacker. The style is fast-paced and the tone will have you thinking twice about

the safety of your credit cards and digital identity. Poulsen's subject is more complex than you might think. The one-time FBI informant just can't seem to stay "white hat" (aboveboard), and goes for the easy money, eluding his peers and the feds for a long while. We also glimpse the other machinations of these con men, including making fake credit cards and IDs, and selling handbags on eBay. It's hard not to, on some level, admire the ingenuity Max used to keep outwitting and taunting the authorities—even as it's unsettling to think that he, and people like him, can turn their considerable skills on our personal information at any moment.



This graphic memoir from Villard is at once a personal history and a snapshot of life during wartime in Vietnam. Author/illustrator Tran traces his parents

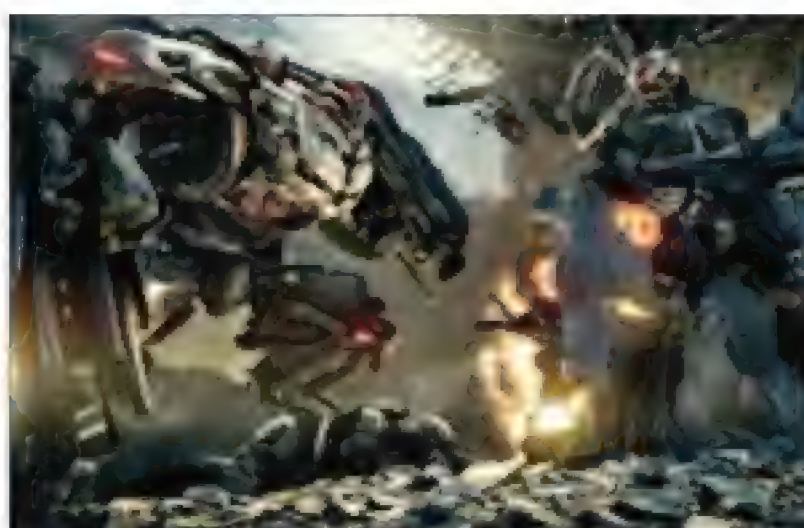
and grandparents back through time, weaving an intergenerational tale that veers from his life to stories handed down to him. Family secrets are revealed, and Tran brings the war to life by showing the ways it separated family members and wreaked havoc on their lives. The artwork is powerful, by turns disturbing and tender as it moves from battlefields to kitchens, from "official" history to private revelations. 



Eye Candy

The next level of videogaming will be eye-gouging 3-D. Here's our in-your-face guide to the top titles that are about to fly off both store shelves and TV screens.

Porn has helped decide format wars and prodded people into adopting new tech, but the success of pricey 3-D displays may be decided by a medium that requires both hands to play: videogames. More than 50 3-D titles are in the pipeline for the PlayStation 3, Xbox 360, and PC, and Nintendo is getting in on the action with a revolutionary new handheld system.



CRYSIS 2

EA (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

While Microsoft's Xbox 360 is getting much less 3-D love than the PlayStation 3, it does have the support of this very important first-person shooter from German developer Crytek—a studio famous for bending gaming hardware over its knee and making it scream for mercy. *Crysis 2* delivers subtle “concave” 3-D that works like a window into the game's futuristic war zone. “There's nothing popping out of the screen in a way that causes eyestrain,” says executive producer Nathan Camarillo. “That way players can experience the depth only 3-D provides for hours of continuous interaction.”

That interaction once again involves blasting and bashing aliens while wearing your Nanosuit, a handy piece of *Tron*-style couture that grants you superspeed, invisibility, and other abilities. The suit's performance-enhancing powers let you invent your own strategy for each level (this free-form gameplay is a hallmark of the series). The first game's jungle island has given way to Manhattan Island, circa 2023, with all the landmarks and streets in their proper places. Don't spend too much time ogling the sights of this 3-D Big Apple, though, or you'll end up biting the big one.



MLB 11: THE SHOW

SONY (PS3)

Having balls fly at your face is generally considered a bad thing, but it's the *raison d'être* of *MLB 11: The Show*, Sony's latest Major League Baseball simulator. Switch on the 3-D mode to really feel the heat when the Giants' Tim Lincecum unleashes a slider at your strike zone. The developers took special care to give all the ballparks an appropriate scale in three dimensions, which makes this game the closest you'll get to strutting across Wrigley Field without getting Tasered by stadium security.





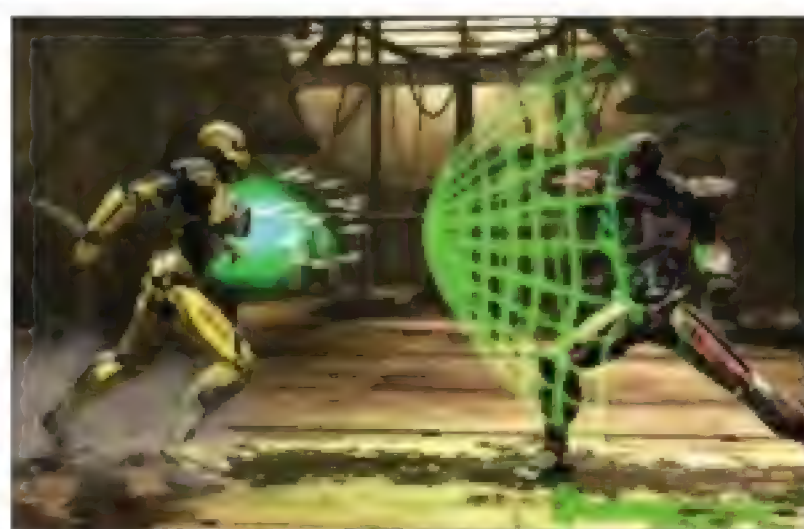
NINTENDO 3-DS

NINTENDO • \$250 (ESTIMATED PRICE)

Nintendo's 3-DS handheld, by far the cheapest and easiest-to-carry 3-D gaming solution, also pulls off a technological trick that makes the boob-tube makers jealous: Users don't have to wear dorky 3-D glasses. Through a combination of proprietary display magic and a set viewing distance, the 3-DS fools your primate brain into seeing a convincing 3-D image on its 3.5-inch top screen—as long as you hold the system in a precise sweet spot about a foot from your face.

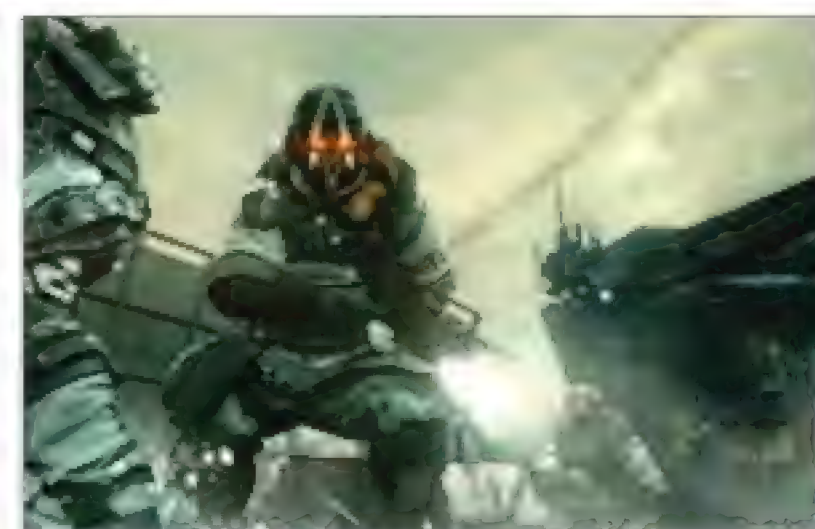
It's an effect you have to see to believe. Turtle shells whiz at your head in *Mario Kart*. Rotting zombies shamble from the screen in *Resident Evil: Revelations*. *Dead or Alive 3-D*'s she-warriors practically poke out your eyes with their gravity-defying physiques (above). Obsessive gamers should refrain from marathon play sessions, though: In our experience, long-term 3-D play can strain your eyes and lead to four-alarm migraines. Fortunately, the system has a slider that dials back the 3-D effect, letting you play in old-fashioned 2-D.

Like previous DS systems, the 3-DS features a touch screen beneath the main display and a simple clamshell design that pauses games when you snap it shut. Unlike its predecessors, the 3-DS has an analog control stick that allows for fine-tuned aiming in such 3-D shooters as *Splinter Cell: Chaos Theory*. The system is also Nintendo's most powerful handheld yet—on par with its big brother, the Wii—and like the Wii it supports motion-sensing controls. But perhaps the niftiest feature is its dual-camera setup that snaps 3-D pics. Invite some friendly she-warriors home for your own eye-popping photo session.



MORTAL KOMBAT WARNER BROS. (PS3)

Oh, yes, there will be blood in this reboot of the fighting-game franchise that riled senators and terrified parents with its spine-exposing "fatality" finishing moves. The red stuff gushes with each bone-crunching impact, pools on the floor, and coats the otherworldly combatants as they engage in battles that make the Ultimate Fighting Championship look like *Dancing With the Stars*. While the gameplay is locked to a 2-D plane, like in the original arcade machine, the whole gory spectacle here is rendered in glorious 3-D on the PlayStation 3 (but not for the Xbox 360). "Fatalities are much more intense," says *Mortal Kombat* cocreator Ed Boon. "Body parts literally come flying out of the screen."



KILLZONE 3 SONY (PS3)

The flagship title in Sony's arsenal of 3-D PS3 games hurls so much enemy fire and errant shrapnel at the screen that it might be the first shooter to trigger post-traumatic stress disorder. The game picks up where the prequel left off, with your interplanetary special-forces hero air-dropped into battle against the glowy-eyed goons of the Helghast Empire. You'll come for the single-player campaign, but you'll stay for the multiplayer modes, which offer improved control. Consider switching off the 3-D effect during pitched online battles, though—fragging ain't easy when you're always ducking for cover.

Essential 3-D Gear

Your games will only be as good as the gear they're played on.



TC-P50VT25 3-D PLASMA HDTV PANASONIC • \$2,140

You'll need a compatible TV to play any 3-D console games. Panasonic's 50-inch plasma offers the best balance between performance and price.




TY-EW3D10U 3-D GLASSES PANASONIC • \$150

The 3-D plasma screen comes with just one pair of the required glasses, so you'd better buy extra specs for player two.



3-D VISION KIT FOR PC NVIDIA • \$199

You'll need this glasses-and-transmitter combo to play 3-D games on your PC. Check the minimum requirements to make sure your monitor and video card are up to snuff. 

Meet real sex partners tonight!

Find your perfect match and
get laid tonight! Join for free* at
www.adultfriendfinder.com

AdultFriendFinder.com

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T&A Display The Big Easy

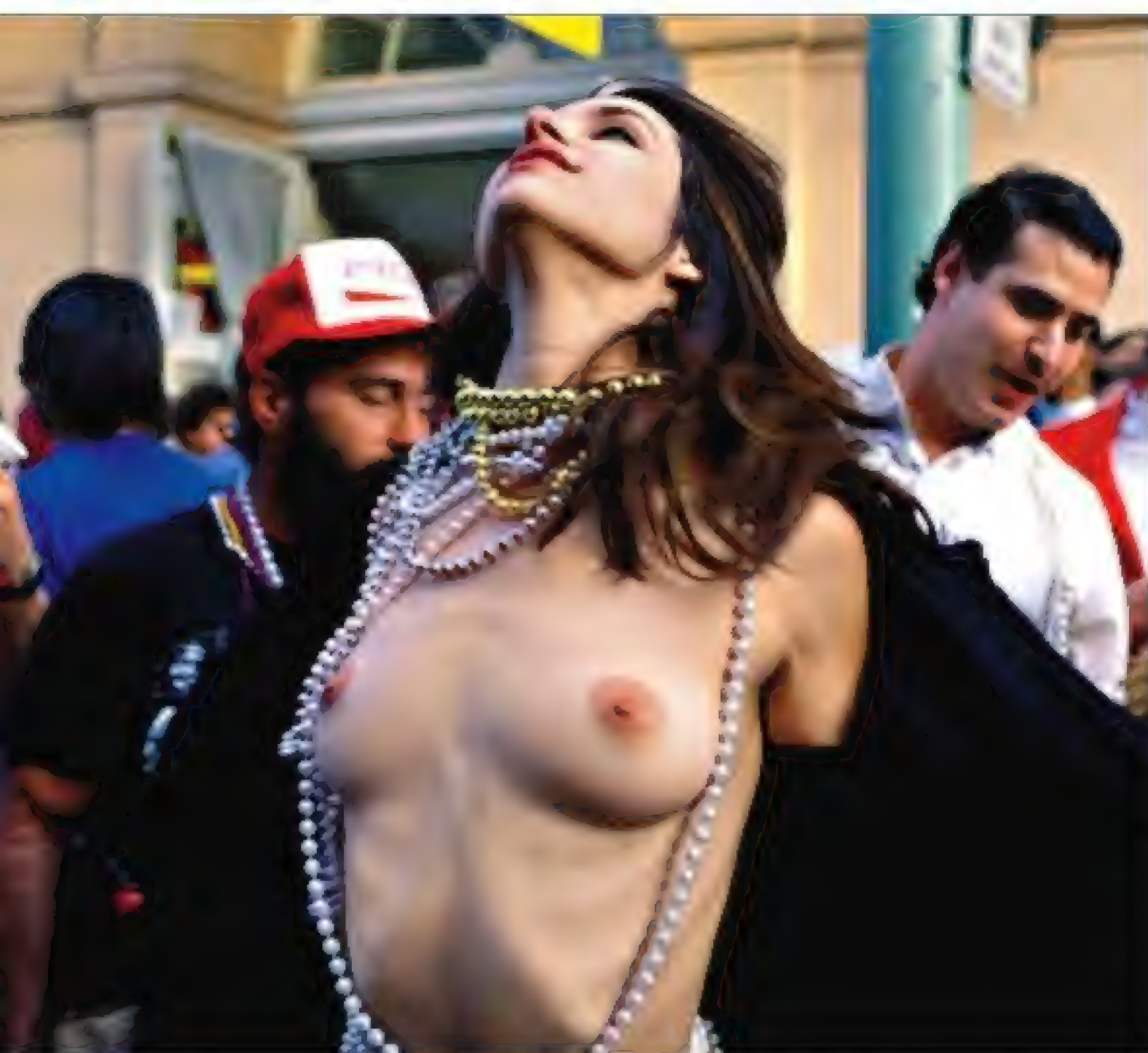
As many as a million revelers descend upon New Orleans for Mardi Gras, many of them young women ready to get wild and crazy. Be sure to stock up on beads, as you won't believe what they'll fetch in trade.

By Keith Michael





GUIDED TOUR



and scantily clad shot girls. Hoping to witness a bachelorette party bump 'n' grind to Lil Jon & the Eastside Boyz's "Get Low"? Try the elevated platform just inside the doors, which is reserved for ladies. The nightly array of amateur talent on the platform is impressive (pawing at the ladies, however, is a quick way to get kicked out). Emcees foster abandon while threatening a playlist of nothing but Celine Dion or "The Hokey Pokey" if audiences don't drink up. On a recent Saturday night, a blonde Razzoo hostess summed up the situation thusly: "The more you drink, the better I look and sound." Cheers!

■ GOLD MINE SALOON

701 Dauphine Street;
GoldMineSaloon.net

The Gold Mine Saloon is a rarity: a heterosexual dance club in the French Quarter. Thus, uncoordinated dancing is not only tolerated, but expected. The Gold Mine is extremely casual and no-frills, and popular with locals from across the social stratum, packing 'em in for decades. Don't be frightened by the cavelike environment or the demon mannequins mounted on the brick archway, as the dark corners beyond the arch facilitate one-on-one encounters. Deejays spin eighties favorites early, then segue into hip-hop as a younger crowd takes over. It'll be crowded, it'll be sweaty, and it'll be full of intoxicated women dancing like there's no tomorrow. Tip: Leave

The Fat Tuesday finale falls on March 8 this year, but the party shifts into high gear days earlier, and lasts through the following weekend, especially at the Penthouse Club and the Gold G-String Awards. You can wander the streets aimlessly, or consult our guide to where the girls are.

■ THE 600 BLOCK OF BOURBON STREET

The balcony above the Krazy Korner at the intersection of Bourbon and Saint Peter streets is one of several that function like the New York Stock Exchange for the peculiar Mardi Gras commerce of boobs-for-beads. Women flash the former in order to obtain the latter. The exchange works both ways, with beads going back and forth from revelers on the balconies to those on the street. The bigger the beads, the better. Boobs, too. The balcony at the Bourbon Street Blues Company in the 400 block of Bourbon also offers optimum viewing.

■ THE 500 AND 600 BLOCKS OF FRENCHMEN STREET

Frenchmen Street is for people who think they're too cool and artsy to trawl Bourbon Street. Formerly a bohemian outpost radiating from the southeastern corner of the French Quarter—you can still buy

poetry-on-demand from a guy with a manual typewriter—Frenchmen is now chockablock with music clubs, bars, and a combination thereof (for instance, d.b.a., a boutique beer bar, also presents mostly local roots music nightly). Stepping inside the bars isn't necessary; a brass band usually blows on the street, and the nightly smorgasbord of women parading by is entertaining all year round.

■ CATS MEOW

701 Bourbon Street; CatsKaraoke.com
Cats Meow pioneered karaoke on Bourbon Street and is still hugely popular. Shedding inhibitions is the whole point of the place. If you're lucky, a gaggle of perfectly proportioned coeds will conjure a mass "Baby Got Back." Most audience volunteers can't carry a tune, so if you make a halfway decent stab at, say, Blink 182's "All the Small Things," you're golden. The club's ever-chipper emcees keep the energy up; specialty Jell-O shots are advertised as "liquid panty remover." On your way out, score a souvenir T-shirt that reads A LITTLE PUSSY CAN'T HURT. Words to live by.

■ RAZZOO BAR & PATIO

511 Bourbon Street; Razzoo.com
Razzoo is a rowdier version of what may be the Crescent City's most famous bar, Pat O'Brien's. Razzoo comes complete with a flaming fountain, three-for-one drink specials,

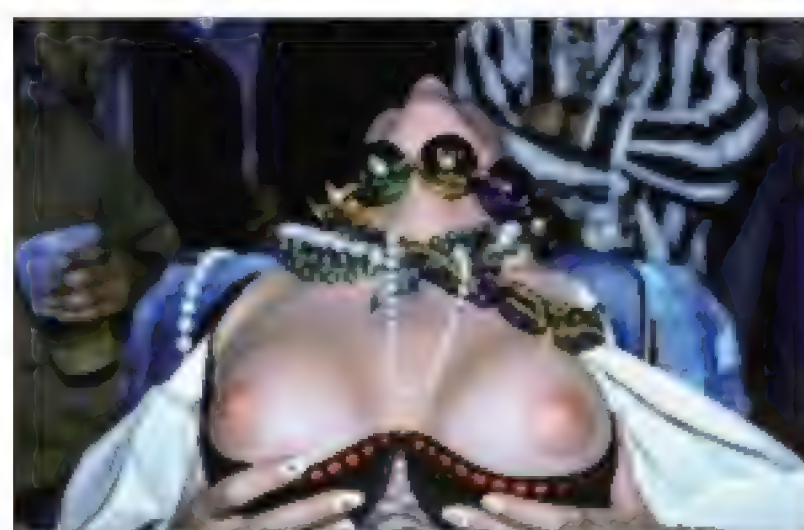




the sickly sweet flaming Dr. Pepper shots to the ladies.

■ THE BEACH ON BOURBON

227 Bourbon Street; BeachOnBourbon.com
This is exactly what the name implies: a big, beach-themed bar on Bourbon Street. It's always spring break at the Beach. Security guards sport red polo shirts emblazoned with **LIFEGUARD**. Mermaids factor into the decor, as do crop-topped shot girls and dancers. Instead of a mechanical bull, there's a padded killer whale that takes on all comers. Staffers have been known to crank up Shamu's bucking for well-endowed women who climb aboard—and for blowhards who boast about their riding skills. The house specialty is the Bucket, a 32-ounce cup of 190-proof grain alcohol and whatever mixer you want for \$10. Tip: Don't ride the whale after



downing a Bucket. Whales don't appreciate being puked on.

■ AMPERSAND

1100 Tulane Avenue; ClubAmpersand.com
This club, which is housed in a former bank—the old vault is now a cozy, candlelit VIP sitting room—conjures South Beach style in a semi-abandoned pocket of the CBD, the Central Business District. Dozens of fist-size orbs suspended above the main bar cast a flattering light; a crushing sound system pumps house music into the wee hours; glamour-girl wannabes and the college set fill the dance floor “early,” i.e., until around 3 A.M. Once they crawl home to their dorms, a late-night service-industry crowd shows up as other nightspots wind down. But don't wait too long to make your move: Ampersand closes at 7 A.M. sharp.

■ FAT HARRY'S

4330 Saint Charles Avenue
Fat Harry's, at the far uptown end of the main Mardi Gras parade route, has sent Tulane students home drunk and happy for generations. The classic college pub is strictly utilitarian, as is the pub-fare menu. During Mardi Gras, it's ground zero for students abandoning nearby campuses to park themselves along the streetcar tracks of Saint Charles Avenue for parades. Much revelry ensues in and around Fat Harry's, but you'll be lucky if you can manage to squeeze inside.

■ REPUBLIC NEW ORLEANS

828 South Peters Street; RepublicNOLA.com
This upscale nightspot just off the parade route in the Warehouse District is frequented by New Orleans Saints and Hornets players and the gold diggers who pursue them. If you've got enough game to compete with NFL and NBA ballers, show up around midnight, when the action heats up. Above the cement dance floor, a cluster of eight chandeliers hangs from the ancient cypress beams of the former rice warehouse. Celebrities passing through town to party or shoot a movie often find their way to Republic; Miley Cyrus recently showed up with Kelly Osbourne in tow. Discreet nooks on the second floor are outfitted with black leather couches, and a cutaway offers an unobstructed view of the dance floor below.

■ THE DAVENPORT LOUNGE, RITZ-CARLTON

921 Canal Street; RitzCarlton.com/NewOrleans
Tired of swilling huge-ass beers with the drunken masses on Bourbon Street? Escape to the third floor of the elegant downtown Ritz-Carlton. The featured entertainer on weekends, jazz crooner Jeremy Davenport, with his tailored suits, Chet Baker-style trumpet, and wickedly irreverent sense of humor, pulls in a well-heeled, well-dressed crowd. Women in bridesmaid dresses and Carnival ball gowns tend to kick off their high heels for a spin around the dance floor. The lounge feels like an especially plush, oversize living room, with the abundant couches and candlelit vibe fostering an air of seduction and intimate possibility. Of course, the proximity of hotel rooms doesn't hurt. **A—**

THE DIAVEL MADE THEM DO IT





Has Ducati built a big, nasty, Italian-style cruiser, or spawned Satan's cycle?

By Bill Heald

Will wonders never cease? Probably not, though you may have thought you'd seen it all. Case in point: Even though you believed hell had frozen over when a pragmatic, technologically focused motorcycle company like BMW decided to build a style-oriented cruiser a few years ago, hell has clearly thawed out enough to freeze over again. Ducati is famous for creating some of the most successful sport bikes in the world, with a legacy of road-racing world championships to show for its efforts. And while the company has always infused its hardware with plenty of Italian style, its primary concern has been performance. Indeed, when Ducati introduced its Monster series of bikes, it created a genre with "naked" styling and street-friendly ergonomics, but these were and are solid sport bikes underneath. The idea of Ducati building a style-focused heavy-metal cruiser was ridiculous, though that group is the biggest seller in the U.S.A.

But here's the thing: Over the past few years we've seen a new animal emerge, the "performance cruiser," with a healthy dose of horsepower (and characterized by bikes like Harley-Davidson's V-Rod and Star

Motorcycle's VMAX). Ducati apparently saw this as a way to enter the market by placing a special version of its powerful Testastretta V-twin Superbike engine in a long, low chassis with an absolutely huge 240-series rear tire, even if, as Ducati explains it, "the image would send a seismic shock through the industry." They also decided that this bike had to handle and perform like a big sport bike, and thus easily dispatch any of the competition on a challenging stretch of pavement.

The result is the Diavel, a 162-horsepower rolling nemesis of a motorcycle that will cut a wide swath through the big boys in this category, especially since it sets performance standards the others can't touch. According to Ducati, the name arose when "one person looking from the rear of the bike saw its silhouette and exclaimed in Bolognese dialect, *'Ignurànt comm' al diavell!'*" Translation: "Evil, just like the devil!"

The big, fat cruiser styling might indeed freak out the Ducati faithful, but the closer you look, the slicker this pitchfork-packin' ride becomes. Side-mounted radiators and Ducati's signature single-sided rear swingarm reveal some of the latest tech, along with multimode engine tuning, traction control, and ABS brakes. Amazingly, as massive as the bike looks, it's considerably lighter than most cruisers (the Carbon version even more so, thanks to carbon-fiber bodywork), and even with the low profile there's more than

ample cornering clearance. Most interesting of all, the Diavel's riding position is more upright than the genre typically dictates, allowing for easier body movement when riding in a devilish manner on wickedly twisty tarmac. With performance like this, Ducati's Prince of Darkness may please its master, but it's likely to scare the hell out of the competition. *—*

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled V-twin
Bore x stroke	106 mm x 67.9 mm
Displacement	1,198.4 cc
Fuel system	Mitsubishi electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Digital electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	50-mm male slider forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm discs, ABS
Rear brake	Single 265-mm disc, ABS
Front tire	120/70-ZR17
Rear tire	240/45-ZR17
Fuel tank	5.3-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	62.6 inches
Seat height	30.3 inches
Dry weight	463 pounds
Base price	\$16,995; Carbon: \$19,995; Carbon Red: \$20,395



WINGED LIGHT

Mercedes-Benz channels its original Gullwing Coupe to craft an all-new supercar. By Bill Heald

Through the years, even some of the hottest, most exotic sports cars on the road have relied on a certain degree of conventionality in design and construction. But there have been radical innovations as well, like when Mercedes-Benz launched a production version of its 300SL race coupe in the mid-fifties. This beautiful (and eminently collectible) two-seater was not only one of the fastest production cars of its day, it had one of the coolest features ever seen on a sporting automobile: “gullwing” doors. These doors pivot from the roof instead of the body and rise straight up, and yes, when open they look like a seagull’s wings in flight. They are not only wicked-cool stylistically, but func-

tional as well, making access simple (like climbing into the cockpit of a vintage fighter plane).

In an inspired case of being true to the spirit of the original while building the most advanced and powerful coupe possible, Mercedes has graced us with the SLS AMG. This gullwinged flagship supercar is not only exquisitely engineered, meticulously assembled, and extremely exclusive, it also manages to ooze sensual power from every metallic pore. The car’s styling has to be seen in the flesh to truly be appreciated, for like its ancestor it is a deceptively large vehicle with an impressively long hood and a very wide stance. Striking form follows intense function, though, as every aspect of the car is carefully engineered for crisp handling, superb

aerodynamics, and ultrastable road manners at extreme speeds.

Weight management is critical in any racing-derived design approach, and the SLS uses both lightweight materials and innovative architecture to keep the center of gravity as close to the pavement as possible. Critical in this approach are both the design and placement of the massive, 563-horsepower, 6.3-liter V-8 engine (which is built by a single technician whose nameplate adorns it). This mill is located behind the front wheels and the oil is located in a separate tank instead of a conventional sump, allowing for much lower engine mounting than with a conventional oil-pump system.

The seven-speed transmission is located behind the seats in true trans-axle fashion, and channels power to



TUNING

the rear wheels using a double-clutch system that delivers the precision of a manual gearbox with the effortless operation of an automatic. This allows full-power shifting, or, as Mercedes puts it, "The two clutches control power to shafts that hold seven pairs of drive gears. As a result, shifts can be made without interrupting power by electronically applying one clutch exactly when the other is being disengaged." This wild gearbox also boasts four modes: Comfort, Sport, Sport Plus, and Manual. Sixty mph arrives in less than four seconds, and the top speed is governed at just under 200 mph. The huge AMG racing-derived two-piece brake discs help haul you in when it's time to land, or you can order the optional (and ultratruck) ceramic brakes for the ultimate in stopping power.

Finally, if you really want to make a statement that even the SLS can't fulfill with a mere gasoline engine, Mercedes is developing the SLS AMG E-Cell—a zero-emission version of the coupe that omits the engine and instead uses an electric motor powered by a lithium-ion battery pack at each wheel. Performance roughly equals the "regular" SLS AMG, and it may well see limited production by 2015. For now, though, you'll have to make do with that incredible 6.3-liter V-8, and the knowledge you're driving one of the most unique, desirable, and potent machines ever made. It's also hand-built by a dedicated group of experienced technicians with an almost pathological attention to detail. Kind of makes the \$185,000 price tag look like a bargain, doesn't it?



SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Two-seat coupe with gullwing doors
Engine	6.3-liter V-8
Power	563 horsepower
Torque	479 foot-pounds
Transmission	Seven-speed AMG Speedshift DCT
Front tires	265/35 R19
Rear tires	295/30 R20
Curb weight	3,573 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	3.7 seconds
Top speed	197 mph
Fuel capacity	22.5 gallons/ 3.7 reserve
EPA mpg	14 city/20 highway
Base price	\$185,750

Helpful Hardware

Get the most out of your gadgets with products that undo the snafus of today's high-tech gear.

By Crispin Boyer

1 Inspiron Duo

Dell • \$550

Notebooks are perfect for work. Tablets are made for play. Both worlds collide with this novel Windows 7 laptop. It quick-changes into a tablet with a 10.1-inch high-definition touch screen for watching movies, reading e-books, and mucking about online. Unlike the iPad, it supports Flash-based browsing and comes with a webcam. It weighs twice as much as Apple's tablet, however, which turns e-reading into a real forearm workout. The Duo's weight and sluggish interface hold it back from being a jack-of-all-trades, but it's a happy middle ground.

2 Bottoms Up bottle-opening watch

Happy Hour • \$100

You'll never find yourself unprepared for beer o'clock with this watch, which boldly marks the beginning of happy hour on its face and comes with a bottle opener built into its band. The opener cracks off bottle caps with a flick of your wrist, with no need to unstrap the watch first. It's stylish enough for all casual occasions (except AA meetings), snaps into a calf-leather strap, and features a cool gradient face. More important, its stainless-steel case is water-resistant to 130 feet, useful in the likely event you break open a gusher.



3 WDTV Live Hub

Western Digital • \$200

With cable and broadband companies charging more for less, jilted couch potatoes are turning to media streamers. This one is geared toward the torrent-savvy among that crowd. Its cinch-to-use interface lets you stream content from Netflix, Blockbuster On Demand, Pandora Internet Radio, YouTube, etc., although it lacks access to the network programs available via the cheaper Apple TV streamer. But the Live Hub plays nearly every movie format. Cram its one-terabyte hard drive with your own media and stream it to multiple boob tubes in your home. The only downside: You'll need a separate adapter to connect wirelessly to your home network.

4 Jorno Bluetooth keyboard

Jorno • \$99

Virtual keyboards on smartphones and tablets are responsible for more misspellings than the public school system. Jorno's pocket keyboard mixes practicality with portability. It folds to the size of a pack of smokes for transport and expands into a nearly full-size keyboard with a rigid back so you can rest it on your lap. Any Bluetooth-enabled smartphone or tablet will work wirelessly with it, or you can snap your mobile device into its detachable cradle and work in either portrait or landscape mode. Android-based phones, iPhones, and iPads will work more like full-fledged laptops, and any spelling mistakes you make will be your own damn fault.

5 Jambox

Jawbone • \$199

It may look like an artsy-fartsy stainless-steel box no bigger than a package of Velveeta, but this is anything but your typical cheesy external speaker. The Bluetooth-connected gadget, billed as the first-of-its-kind "intelligent wireless speaker and speakerphone," pumps out a wall of loud and ludicrously crisp sound for its size. As you'd expect from its not-cheap price, it functions as more than just a twenty-first-century boom box for your iPhone, iPad, or laptop. It actually works as a high-end speakerphone, and a bevy of apps add new functions, such as battery-life announcements and caller ID in any language you like.

6 Link-to-Cell handset

Panasonic • \$100

Now that many folks have given Ma Bell the middle finger and excised landlines from their homes in favor of mobile phones, call quality has reached an all-time low. The Link-to-Cell handset comes to your rescue, delivering loud-and-clear landline-like signals for your cellphone. Just place the base unit and your phone anywhere in your house that gets a beefy cell signal, then link them via Bluetooth. The base unit broadcasts your phone's calls to two old-fashioned wireless handsets that you can stash anywhere in your home, giving you both the freedom to roam and call quality you haven't heard since you cut the cord.

7 F48 Hazzard backpack

Freitag • \$363

Because backpacks are boring, Swiss bag maker Freitag created the F48 Hazzard, a boxy-but-cool rucksack that features the extreme durability and hip design of a messenger bag. Sling it over your shoulders for the commute, then stow the straps and heft it like a briefcase when you reach your destination. The Hazzard boasts enough pockets for all your documents and digital toys, as well as a padded laptop sleeve that can accommodate notebooks up to 17 inches. And since it's stitched from reclaimed seat belts and truck tarps, it's tough enough to survive bike-lane mishaps with rogue vehicles. 



The Inspiron Duo is not a jack-of-all-trades, but it's a happy middle ground for anyone who's indecisive about tablets.

5



6



7



Drinking In a Dry Land

Islam notwithstanding, sipping booze in Morocco is not impossible. It just feels that way sometimes.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

A

s a journalist whose beats are beer and booze (i.e., a professional drunk), I spend most eves nose-deep in a pint, then pass the daylight hours by writing about last night's bender. It's a lovely, well-lubricated existence, provided I have a steady supply of aspirin.

Thus, when my girlfriend, Jenene, and I go on vacation, we select cities with great drinking cultures—say, microbrew-mad Montreal or wine-sipping Paris. “Work is pleasure, and pleasure is work,” I’ll explain, buying flights before she can protest. But last summer, Jenene wanted to visit a country that’d make any drinker cringe: Morocco, where Islamic law has

declared alcohol *haram*, or forbidden.

“Baby, this sounds like hell,” I protested of her planned ten-day trip. “I haven’t gone three days without a drink since I was 18.”

“You could stand to sober up.”

“But—”

“I’ve always dreamed of going to Morocco,” she said, her forceful

tone making it clear the issue wasn't debatable. "I invited Bati and Emily"—our married Parisian pals—"and they're going to meet us in Marrakech. Book the flights." I did as I was told, then secreted a flask of potent, peppery Rittenhouse Rye in my suitcase. Inside the hot, dry land, at least I could stay a little wet.

We touched down in Marrakech one Saturday around 4 P.M., with the temperature cresting triple digits. After checking in and meeting up with Bati and Emily, we departed to Djemaa el Fna. Come dusk, the Moroccan metropolis's central square brims with snake charmers, henna artists, and makeshift food vendors hawking everything from diced lamb face to snails to sizzling Merguez sausage.

"I'd kill for a beer," I told Bati, snacking on a spongy, fatty chunk of lamb udder—another local delicacy.

"We should be able to find some," he said, pointing to his *Lonely Planet* guidebook. My eyes bulged like a cartoon character's. "Didn't you read the guidebook?" No, I'd spent the flight in a pharmaceutically assisted slumber. Bati sighed. French colonialists, he explained, introduced brewing and winemaking to Morocco in the twentieth century. Drinking culture took root, aided by a nifty loophole that permits non-Muslim tourists—and less pious Moroccans—to purchase alcohol. But it wasn't as simple as hitting a 7-Eleven. Unlike ad-splashed American liquor stores, Moroccan alcohol shops keep their consumables hidden behind curtains and blacked-out windows, with nary a neon sign.

"There's beer here—we just have to know where to look," Bati proclaimed. Easier said than done. We spent hours scouring Marrakech's storefronts until salvation arrived in urgent whispers. "Beer wine, beer wine," a skinny man hissed, like a dodgy drug dealer.

Our eyes locked. I nodded. Like bloodhounds, we followed him as he quick-stepped down cramped alleys and past rug vendors to the Dar Nejjarine restaurant. We climbed a windy staircase to the rooftop where, beneath a starry blanket, musicians strummed string instruments and backlit whiskey bottles glowed like heaven. We settled onto embroidered pillows and ordered local brew Flag Speciale, served aside tangy olives.

"Now *this* feels like vacation," Bati said as we sipped the light, bubbly forbidden fruit. Forbidden fruit, as everyone knows, always tastes sweetest.

Was scoring alcohol always such a cloak-and-dagger operation? No; our quartet discovered that serendipity also plays a role when we rented a car at Marrakech's Avis outpost—located doors from a corner shop that, to our surprise, sold wine and liquor. Inside the cramped closet, we bought Taounate anise liqueur and a cabernet rouge Cuvee de President, which we took to the mountain town of Ait Benhaddou.

At the airy hotel Defat Kasbah, our waiter, Hashid, happily uncorked our wine, a young, minerally red. "I do not drink alcohol," he professed, echoing a common sentiment, "but I don't care if you do." We capped off dinner with the anise liqueur, warming and aromatic. From the mountains, we buzzed west to the Atlantic coast fishing town of Essaouira and, on our hotel concierge's tip, had dinner at the alcohol-serving Les Alizes Mogador. To accompany the sardine and goat tagines, we split Morocco's Bonassia cabernet sauvignon. Unfortunately, the wine was tinny and lacked complexity, a recurring problem with Moroccan vintages.

Before departing, we tried to find a liquor store amid the mess of mint-sellers and olive vendors. After a fruitless hour, we gave in and let a guide locate the shop where we

into trouble with the police." Heeding his warning, I snuck in with ninja stealth.

The police left us alone as we feasted on citrus-tinged goat and fish, paired with Ksar rouge—a plummy, pleasant Les Celliers de Meknes offering—and La Gazelle de Mogador, a sweet, if innocuous white. It was a serene eve, contrasting our experience in Casablanca the next night. Humphrey Bogart's famous Atlantic Ocean-fronting city is crowded and chaotic, with traffic-jam exhaust covering the town like a filthy blanket. But the silver lining: Outside the walled medina quarter, numerous mirrored storefronts housed shabby saloons, such as Bar Sans Pareil.

The smoky dive, the sort found in faded Midwest factory towns, was cleaved in half by a rickety wooden divider. Molelike burn marks pockmarked red plastic tablecloths, and every man—and several luridly painted ladies, whom Jenene swore were prostitutes—guzzled green bottles of cheap-as-water Stork. We followed suit, sipping the light lager and snacking on freshly boiled chickpeas sprinkled with cumin and salt—a bar nibble worth transplanting to the States. No snacks, much less bars or booze, were found at our last stop in medieval Fes. Alcohol's absence was especially glaring, since festivities were expected.


"How can I celebrate my 30th birthday without a drink?" Bati bemoaned

"Beer wine," a skinny man hissed, like a dodgy drug dealer. Was scoring alcohol always such a cloak-and-dagger operation?

should've expected it—outside the walled city, in an unmarked tiled storefront. After purchasing more wine and smoky, potent fig eau-de-vie (brandy), we cruised to seafaring Oualidia's Restaurant Les Roches—"the Rocks," referencing the nearby craggy formations.

As we sat in the restaurant, empty save for a singing parakeet, we asked if we could uncork some wine. "If you wish," the mustachioed owner replied. While he loaded a bucket with ice and played Bob Dylan records, I retrieved our wine from our lodgings, located at a second-rate tennis club. "Don't let anyone see you bring that in," the night attendant said. "The owner could get

as we wandered the twelfth-century city's streets, as narrow and winding as *The Shining's* hedge maze. We found tanneries and chicken butchers, but not a single warm beer. As Bati moped, a brainstorm struck: Concealed in my suitcase was my last-gasp flask. "Back to the hotel," I commanded. I purchased a fistful of fresh mint from a street vendor, then sparkling water from a corner shop.

In our room, I produced the silver flagon. Bati's eyes lit up like Christmas. I muddled the mint, topped it with amber whiskey and bubbly water—a makeshift mint julep. "Happy birthday," I told Bati, as we toasted to a taste of home far away. 



 [pet of the year runner-up]


she's got the write stuff

Every year we get write-in votes for Pet of the Year, but in March 2010—when Veronica Ricci was announced as Taylor Vixen's Runner-Up—Ryan Keely's fans started a grassroots campaign to get her the title in 2011. We find ourselves incapable of disappointing them again. In fact, we're grateful for the opportunity to reward Ryan for her exemplary performance whenever she's representing the magazine, her work as a writer in these pages, and her new "Dirty Details" sex-advice column in our sister publication, *Penthouse Forum*. The rest of the world is taking note of the statuesque 26-year-old as well. Ryan was our favorite part of M. Night Shyamalan's short film *Escalation*, and she recently got a "fairly big" role in a sexy horror movie that should be out later this year. She's also in the process of completing certification as a beer sommelier because, as she puts it, "I love beer, and beer aficionados are my kind of people! Someday I'd love to do something like the show *Man v. Food* with beer, but without the record-setting consumption, which would probably put me in the hospital in the first episode." Really, how can you not love this girl?

Photographs by Mark Lit for Hicks Photo





A full-page photograph of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair posing in a window. She is wearing long white gloves and white lace underwear. Her white top is open, revealing her chest and midriff. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background shows a window with a view of a city street.

“Being a Penthouse Pet was something I’d wanted for a long time, but I’d never really let myself believe it was possible. Being awarded that title and gracing the magazine’s most coveted spot gave me more confidence in myself and in my sexuality. Plus, being a Pet has brought me attention and exposure that’s made life a lot more fun!”



"One of the best things about being a Pet is spending time with the other Pets. It's like joining the coolest sorority. The Pets are some of the sexiest and most interesting women I've ever met. Nikki Benz, in particular, is smart, gorgeous, and lots of fun. *Penthouse* couldn't have made a better choice for Pet of the Year. Spending more time with the Pets and their fans, and meeting the 2011 Pets yet to come, will make my year."







"I've been lucky enough to experience most of my fantasies, but I always dream up new ones. An occasional orgy can be thrilling, but my most satisfying experiences are one-on-one with a sexy, smart, attentive partner. That's all I need to come again and again."



"The biggest turn-on for me with men is big brains and big hands. With women, it's having long legs and being well-read. A crowded, disorganized bookcase is usually a good sign for both men and women. I'm finally at a place in my life where I can connect on a deeper level sexually, and for the first time I'm focusing on reveling in the experience more than on racking up an absurd number of orgasms. Learning to make love is the most remarkable experience I've ever had in bed."

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BATTERS UP

We headed off for a friend's bachelor-party weekend of booze, beads, and Bourbon Street, culminating in an early-morning trot through the streets of New Orleans for the fourth annual Running of the NOLA Bulls, convinced that getting pummeled by a barrage of plastic-bat-wielding roller-derby girls (the "bulls") would somehow be a vacation.

By Chris Illuminati • Photographs by AKoch Photography

Bending over for just a moment to catch my way-over-the-legal-limit breath was a horrendous idea. Another mob pushes forward on the New Orleans street, forcing me to continue the brisk jog that's supposed to resemble running, even though my throbbing head and burning lungs are telling my brain to pull the red handkerchief from my neck and wave it like a white flag of surrender.

As I gallop with the herd, a vomitous burp that tastes like the two loaded hot dogs I devoured before bed warns me of the jabbing pain that's about to envelop the entire left side of my rib cage. This is all the proof I need to know

that I'd never survive the actual Running of the Bulls in Spain. I can't handle fart pains from a couple of Hebrew Nationals.

My buddy Bosis snaps, "I hate you for fucking waking me up to do this." His hungover face is even whiter than his V-neck undershirt.

Hey, if one of us should be hating the other, it should be the other way around. I'd been more than





Bianca Bullet and Bulletproof Barbie of Southern Misfits



RULES OF THE RUN

- Run at your own risk.
- Do not touch the bulls.
- If you go down, stay down.
- Do not stand still.
- Children under ten, use the sidewalk.

settled into my post-single life of neighborhood block parties, reality-TV marathons, and politely abstaining from organized events of drunken debauchery. But, much as he's done in all the years I've known him, Bosis convinced me to indulge, this time "once more, for old times' sake." We'd headed off for a friend's bachelor-party weekend of booze, beads, and Bourbon Street, culminating in an early-morning trot through the streets of New Orleans for the fourth annual Running of the NOLA Bulls. Bosis had convinced me that getting pummeled by a barrage of plastic-bat-wielding roller-derby girls (the "bulls") would somehow be a vacation from the 3 A.M. feedings and long days of being a stay-at-home dad to my four-month-old son. Truth be told, the evening before the bull run had indeed been the

first full night's sleep I'd had since bringing the baby home from the hospital, although it did involve sharing a bed with another grown man.

"Run! *Vamos!* The bulls are coming!" yells a stranger in an outfit that looks more Vegas magician than bull runner.

Another stampede pushes us down Dauphine Street, with more than a few runners screaming "Olé!" and other phrases that I vaguely remember from two semesters of high-school Spanish. A head full of vodka is not helping my recall skills. The shooting pain up my side stops me in my tracks in the middle of the street again. I've gone maybe a quarter of the less-than-a-mile run, but I'm ready to—*WHAM!*

A taped-up, and possibly loaded, Wiffle bat spansks the soft spot of my left leg, right where

the thigh and buttock meet. The shot catches me completely off guard. In my attempt to stand up straight and not blow chunks all over the hot pavement, I've totally forgotten that women on roller skates are giving chase, looking to administer a severe welting to stragglers.

The ridiculously large and intimidating Big Easy Rollergirl yells, "Ha! I got that pussy good!" to the crowd of runners ahead of us, possibly as a warning not to be dumb enough to stop in the middle of the street. As I rub my wound to get some of the blood flowing, I tell myself that chasing down the rollerbull, disarming her, and giving her a taste of her own medicine would make me look like a complete lunatic who doesn't understand that this is all in good fun. Just as I've talked myself off the proverbial bead-tossing-balcony ledge, I feel a gentle tap to the small of my back. It's another bat, but it wasn't swung with the typical venom and fury. I turn to find an older rollergirl, all smiles but without roller skates, who must have been witness to the first hit and took pity on my ass. Literally.

I'm not the only person struggling from the heat and his own stupidity. While there don't appear to be any serious injuries, and certainly no gorings like in the real Running of the Bulls (those loons deserve everything they get), this event isn't without its casualties: A couple of people tumbled to the concrete in the commotion, a few scrapes to knees and hands have been acquired, and a small number of drinks have been dropped. One of the rollergirls—I'll be a gentleman and call her a "fun" girl—is lying down on a curb after only a few blocks (on roller skates, mind you). I contemplate joining her on the sidewalk, buying her another cold beer, and filing this story from the viewpoint of an innocent and hungover bystander.

Scampering drunk through the streets of the French Quarter while being chased down by rollergirls dressed as bulls (complete with horned helmets) is what happens when grown men get tired of the standard bachelor-party activities like golf outings, Vegas weekends, and brief stints in the county lockup. As for why the San Fermin in Nueva Orleans even exists, well, that's what happens when a local named Mickey Hanning (affectionately known as El Padrino, or "the Godfather") decides that the city's standard festivities aren't enough. During a drunken Mardi Gras discussion, he told friends that he wanted to coordinate a running of the bulls in New Orleans for the same time that real bulls are trampling thrill-seekers and lunatics in the streets of Pamplona, Spain. (The San Fermin festival in Pamplona runs from July 6 to July 14; the New Orleans festival is a weekend-long event, with the 2011 bull run on Saturday, July 9, at 8 A.M.)

"Running with the bulls in Pamplona was something I wanted to accomplish in real life," explains Hanning, "and I had the chance to do it. It was an unreal experience. One night I made a joke that it might be fun to attempt a bull run through New Orleans. I never really thought it would turn into this."

The event has exploded since the inaugural *el encierro* (bull run) in 2007, which drew fewer than 200 people, mostly friends of friends and word-of-

Brass Kicker
of Pearl River
Roller Derby





A. C. SlayHer and
Seoul Rebel of Big
Easy RollerGirls

WOMEN ON ROLLER SKATES ARE GIVING CHASE, LOOKING TO ADMINISTER A SEVERE WELTING TO STRAGGLERS: “HA! I GOT THAT PUSSY GOOD!”

mouth entrants, and one team of rollerbulls from a local league. By 2009, there were about 3,500 runners, more than 80 rollerbulls (four teams from three different states), and hundreds of spectators. While the run is the highlight of the weekend, the celebration also includes a traditional San Fermin theme party called La Fiesta de Pantalones (the Pants Party) and a Hemingway skit competition. In 2010 there was also a public screening of the World Cup final between Spain and the Netherlands.

“We were thinking around 6,000 people might show up in 2010,” Hanning said, “but my count is usually way off and we end up getting many more people than I expect. It’s amazing the type of

people that the run attracts: families, some with kids in strollers, and even some older participants.” The total, according to the New Orleans police, was almost 8,000 runners.

Running among the participants—and it easily could have been 10,000, since I was seeing double and everyone was dressed similarly—it seemed as though every person in the crowd knew all the others, possibly having met at the tapas dinner the evening before. Or it could just be that feeling of camaraderie that develops when thousands of like-minded individuals participate in the same juvenile chicanery before breakfast on a summer Saturday. Carts on Burgundy Street were surrounded by people drinking the proffered beer and sangria, rather than the typical morning coffee or tea, and seemed like a great place to meet new people before running alongside them, screaming, through the streets.



Bosis and I meet up again on the turn down Tchoupitoulas Street, somehow managing to run into another bachelor-party attendee, the Marlin. Considering he ingested just as many drinks as we did the previous evening, he looks surprisingly refreshed and well-rested.

"This is awesome," the Marlin yells, gliding through the streets like a man on his morning jog before a cup of hot coffee and heading to work. The rest of our group are no-shows, all choosing to sleep in until the hotel's pool bar starts serving.


The end of the run brings a gauntlet of roller girls, for all those masochists unhappy with the amount of abuse and hind-hitting they received on the run. Looking to get the full experience (because that's what us stupid writers do), I trot through the line and take more than a few vicious shots to the ass and small of the back. On the plus side, I get a better look at the roller girls, many of whom are



incredibly attractive.

At the conclusion of *el encierro* and the whipping line, runners are welcomed by trucks of cold beer and drinks, amazing homemade Spanish grub, and a live band; it's the perfect atmosphere for anyone who wants to continue sweating his face off by dancing, grinding on new friends, or just spinning around drunkenly—the favorite dance of most of the crowd. Bosis, the Marlin, and I conclude the run with a frigid cup of Stella Artois, which goes down about as smoothly as a Hurricane Katrina joke in a crowd of locals. Nothing refreshes like a beer at 8 A.M. after running almost a mile, except daggers.

The Marlin ushers us to a local breakfast spot that he insists we try for a feast of Louisiana home cooking. I get queasy just reading the menu while standing in a line out the front door. No offense to those who call the bayou home, but my stomach isn't about to allow anything called "debris" to enter. This time my body and mind won't wave the red hankie in surrender; they'll work in unison to choke me to death with it before I take one bite of anything resembling grits. My stomach has taken enough abuse over the past day and a half from assorted liquors and spirits, airport food, hot dogs, and half a bag of gumdrops left on the dresser by the third occupant of our hotel room. Bosis and I leave the Marlin in line, his curses and taunts wishing us well, and venture out in search of more familiar breakfast fare. There has to be a Denny's in this town. I spot the fallen roller girl catching a cab not far from where she went down.

Later, as we wait for our egg-white omelets, coffee, and a jug of water, I wobble off in search of the men's room. I stare at my face in the wall-length mirror that spans the row of urinals. In my heated and booze-induced condition, I swear I spy a roller girl over my shoulder, waiting to strike my ass mid-stream with one last smack before I leave town. Maybe this is when I'm supposed to yell, "Who dat?" 

Peter and Bobby Farrelly discuss their first film in four years, *Hall Pass*, which puts two married men—and their wives—back on the dating scene for one week, no rules.

By John Bolster



BACK IN THE GAME

UNLESS WE'VE WILDLY MISJUDGED OUR READERSHIP, THE FARRELLY BROTHERS NEED NO INTRODUCTION IN THE PAGES OF *PENTHOUSE*. PETER AND BOBBY, the sibling writing/directing duo, made their first splash with 1994's *Dumb and Dumber*, an accurately titled yet undeniably funny comedy that grossed more than \$340 million worldwide.

That launched the pair from Providence, Rhode Island, onto the Hollywood A-list. They've managed to stay there by creating a string of box-office and critical successes,



PHOTOGRAPH BY VINCENT LIGNIER/CORBIS OUTLINE

including *Kingpin*; *There's Something About Mary*; *Me, Myself & Irene*; and the underrated *Outside Providence*, directed by Michael Corrente. ("Who's your favorite author?" "Hamlet." "Who launched the New Deal?" "NASA.")

This month, the Farrellys release their 13th film, *Hall Pass*, in which a pair of women (Christina Applegate and *The Office*'s Jenna Fischer) grant their wandering-eyed husbands (Owen Wilson and *SNL*'s Jason Sudeikis) a week off from their marriages—a "hall pass" to do whatever they want, without consequences.

We spoke to the Farrellys about the new movie, their earlier work, and whether or not there's such a thing as "no consequences." Also: We looked at a big project they'll start filming

in April, one that you can be a part of—provided you know how to deliver, and block, a double eye-poke with one hand (*nyuk, nyuk, nyuk*).

Before we get to *Hall Pass*, I have to ask if you saw that CNN accidentally ran the explosive-diarrhea scene from *Dumb and Dumber* during a newscast yesterday.

Bobby: [*Laughs, hard*] You're not blaming me for that, are you?

I'm not blaming you, no.

Bobby: Because if I was smart enough to do that, I would be patting myself on the back so hard. Someone just sent me the [online] clip, and you know, I hate to laugh at my own stuff, but that one had me on the ground.

It was one hell of a clip to accidentally run.

Bobby: Everyone weighing in afterward [on the website comment board] had a *Dumb and Dumber* quote to go with their comment. There's something about that movie, it was shown so many times on TBS and TNT, that I think a whole generation of kids have it memorized.

That's true. One line I often hear quoted from it is, "So you're saying there's a chance?"

Bobby: [*Laughs*] Exactly.

You guys are famous for giving cameos in your films to pro athletes. Did you approach Andrei Kirilenko for *Hall Pass*? He would have been appropriate.

Peter: Andrei Kirilenko—who's that again?

He's an NBA player from Russia who plays for the Utah Jazz. A couple of years back his wife said he was allowed to sleep with one woman outside their marriage per year.

Bobby: Oh, I know who you're talking about. I remember reading about him at the time. We had started working on this, and when I saw that I was like, "Wow! Okay, so this is out there in the world, in the zeitgeist"—however you pronounce that word.

His wife's rationale was that if you deny him something he wants, he's going to want that very thing the most—like she was dealing with a kid.

Peter: Well, that's the theory behind this. These guys are not cheaters, but they're lookers. Constantly looking. And they have systems. For example, they don't wait for a girl to pass, and then look back [at her ass]. They look back while she's ten feet in front of them—and let her walk into their line of vision.

[Laughs] They're not staring—they were already looking that way.

Peter: Right, but the women find out about it and they get fed up. Their friend who's a psychologist introduces them to the concept of the hall pass. She says, "The guys are under the impression that if not for you, they'd be getting all those women. Why don't you cut them free for a week and let them know what it's really like?"

There's a lot of talent in the cast, from the main four to supporting players



Peter (middle) and Bobby with Wilson on set. In *Hall Pass*, Sudeikis goes toe-to-toe (but not nose-to-nose) with Vovkovinskiy (right), the tallest man in North America, seen here with a friend in Minnesota.



we just hung around with him. Later, when we had the wrap party, we flew him back, because the entire crew and cast had fallen in love with him. He's just one of the all-time sweetest guys.

How did Stephen Merchant, Ricky Gervais's collaborator, get involved?

Peter: I saw him in *Extras*, the HBO show, and I thought he was one of the top-five funniest people on the planet. So early on, when we were writing this, I had marked him as one of the friends—he had to be in there.

Bobby: You're going to see a lot more of this guy, because he's comedic

"When you have this concept, well, something's gotta give. It's like the old theater saying, 'If you bring a gun onstage it must go off.' With this concept, someone's gotta get laid."

Stephen Merchant and J. B. Smoove.

Peter: First, I have to say it's an all-new Owen Wilson in this. This is Owen like you've never seen him. He's the middle-aged suburban dad here. He's a little pasty—and I think people buy into it immediately. It's a whole different side of Owen.

Bobby: Owen usually plays the laid-back cool guy. For this, we needed the audience to be a little sympathetic that he's out there [on the singles scene]. Because otherwise you'd think, *Oh, well, it's too easy for him. It's not fair.* But he played it in a very suburban-dad way that worked perfectly. Pete and I were very impressed with the choices he made.

How about Jason Sudeikis? He seems like a star on the rise.

Peter: Sudeikis is the next Jack Lemmon. I predict that. His vibe is so Jack Lemmon. It's a fifties/sixties,

second-banana vibe. But still the funny guy—just absolutely hysterical.

Bobby: I don't know if he's a breakout star, but that's the way I look at him, because I don't think people know how funny he is. To me, he's a Will Ferrell-type talent—extraordinarily funny.

Who is the absolutely gigantic guy who decks Sudeikis in the bar?

Bobby: He is the biggest guy in North America—he's seven foot nine. His name is Igor [Vovkovinskiy]. He's from the Ukraine and he moved to Minnesota when he was a kid, for medical treatment. One of the guys on our crew saw a thing about him on TV. He's just the kind of guy we love, you know? We love people who are different.

Peter: He's also one of the sweetest people I've ever met. He showed up, we put him in the movie, and then

eye candy. When he's on the screen, you're just watching him. He's actually very striking and very charismatic, but at the same time, you're looking at him like, "Is this guy a Muppet?"

This movie has some parallels to *Unhitched*, the TV show about newly divorced men back on the dating scene that you guys did for Fox. Did it grow out of that?

Peter: No, this was completely separate. This came from a guy named Pete Jones, who was the first *Project Greenlight* winner. He sent this script a few years ago, and it was a great script, but it had flaws. The main flaw was that the women didn't get a hall pass, too. I gave it to my wife to read, and she said, "I hate that fucking thing. I hate everybody in it." I was like, "What? What are you talking about?" And she said, "It's not right. The women—instead of sitting there

biting their fingernails—they should be running around themselves. Why do only the guys get the hall pass?" I said, "Okay, calm down." And then we rethought it.

That definitely adds another dimension, and a little edge as well.

Peter: Oh, yeah, it makes it way more interesting, and also scarier. Because when the guys are doing it, they're sort of buffoon-y. But when you have guys pursuing the women—their women—it's a much scarier thing, as we all know.

The guys are buffoon-y because the game has changed, or because their skills have eroded? Or is it a combination?

Bobby: Definitely a combination. The game has changed, and I think some married guys look out and say, "Oh, my God, this is a whole new world out there." Also, your skills diminish, because you get a little older, and you get comfortable in your ways, and you lose a little off your fastball. The only thing you have is maybe a little more money. But other than that, everything else is diminished.

So does anyone get laid while using their hall pass?

Peter: Well, that's the other tricky thing about this movie—and I have to say, it was one of the trickiest things we've ever written—because you're walking such a fine line. When you have this concept of people getting a week off from marriage, well, something's gotta give. It's like the old theater saying, "If you bring a gun onstage, it must go off." With this concept, someone's gotta get laid.

If you introduce a gun in the first act, you'd better use it in the second.

Peter: Right. Then the question is who, and how—and how do things work out when it happens? Early on, the studio was saying, "No, they have to come up short, they have to realize they have a good thing at home." I said, "No, no, no: That's exactly what everybody *thinks* will happen. That they go out there and they meet people and come close, and then they realize, 'No, I love my wife,' and, 'I love my husband,' and 'I'm going home.'" That's too obvious. That can't happen. Something else has to happen, but also, on the other hand, you can't have a couple of divorces at the end of the movie.



Peter checked Michelle Monaghan's hemline at a red-carpet screening of the brothers' 2007 flick, *The Heartbreak Kid*.

You have some fallout, but not necessarily a total disaster.

Peter: Absolutely. So it was very tricky and fun—and real. It's a real movie. Look, I have a fantastic wife. But I notice women all the time. *Constantly*. I've always said this: If God came to me and said, "Pete, you've got the best woman on the planet, without question. For you, there's nobody better than this woman." Well, I'd still like to bang the second-best.

I heard that your long-rumored Three Stooges movie is officially going to happen. Are you excited about that?

Bobby: Oh, yeah. We've been trying to bring it to life for ten years. We grew up Stooges fans in a town where most of the kids knew all the Stooges episodes and everybody could quote them. Those guys were from the thirties and forties and still they're making us laugh, you know? We know we can't outdo Moe Howard, Larry Fine, and Curly Howard. But if we could introduce them to a generation of kids who really don't know them, it would be worthwhile. So we've always believed in the project, and now we're very excited about it.

Peter: We're starting the film on April 4 in Atlanta, and we're going to do a national casting search for Moe, Larry, and Curly. Though right now, it looks like Benicio Del Toro will be Moe.

So it's possible that an unknown could play Larry or Curly?

Bobby: Absolutely. We're going with the best people we can find. I don't care if they're famous or not.

Chris Farley—may he rest in peace—would have made a great Curly.

Peter: He would've been the guy. Did you know he was supposed to be in *Kingpin*? We were hoping to get him. It all worked out, obviously: We got Randy Quaid, who was phenomenal, but [Farley] was going to do the Randy Quaid role. We also wanted him for *Something About Mary*—he was going to do the Ben

Stiller role. But right around that time, he was spiraling out of control, unfortunately.

Bobby: We loved Chris. When he passed on way too soon, it was a tough day in the world of comedy. His brothers wrote a beautiful book about him called *The Chris Farley Show*. It's a series of anecdotes and stories about him, told by people who knew him, all the way from his childhood up to when he died. It's a fantastic read.

What other names out there could you see in these roles?

Bobby: Johnny Knoxville's name has come up. Because we love Johnny, too—and he's kind of a real-life leader of stooges.

That's true.

Bobby: I think he'd get it. Physical comedy, particularly physical violence—the way [the Stooges] slap each other and all that. That's not gonna scare him off. But you know what? We could have a guy come walking in the door for the national casting and be like, "This is our guy." And if that happens, that's what we're gonna do.



sex and drugs made me a man

Everything I know about being a man I learned from women, and especially when we were stoned and in bed, fucking and/or talking.

By Jesse Kornbluth

m

en who have reached middle age, if my conversations with my brethren are at all typical, do not think this way. We're above sex now—or at least above talking about it. When we take the measure of our lives, we speak of *mentors* and *character* and *hard work*, and if we can stand to offer a reason to explain the good things we've got without beating the drums for our personal excellence, we may even throw in *luck*. Thanking the women who took us into their bodies? When I mention that, guys give me the look that says, "You're weird."

If I were the careful sort, I'd assign sex and drugs to the rock 'n' roll phase of my life—and pretend that phase ended long ago. Because in the Gospel according to Media, life has this arc: When we were children, we acted like children and smoked dope and lay with



women whose breasts bounced free and easy under their tie-dyed shirts, but now we are men, and we have put away childish things, and drink Bordeaux to self-medicate, and need Viagra to rouse us on those rare nights when we feel the urge to bend one into our wives.

Nonsense.

i have always feared the male of my species. And with reason.

Several times, when I was four or five, I would look up the wide stairway of our house in Kansas City and see,

behind the gauze curtain on the landing, the shadowy figure of a man. Much later, I learned that he was Carl Austin Hall, the former owner of the house. He had returned because he was broke. He was casing the joint.

My mother did laundry in Hall's old champagne tubs; we were chump change. Another family in our neighborhood was dramatically richer, so Hall kidnapped and killed their six-year-old son before coolly collecting a \$600,000 ransom. His arrest soon followed, and, 81 days after the murder, his execution.

A few years later, after my family had moved to a Boston suburb, it seemed like a good idea for me to join the Cub Scouts. I was small and bookish, but the members of my pack took to me immediately: They cocked their BB guns, told me to start running, and blasted away. Thus ended my scouting career.

I eventually escaped to one of the most exclusive New England boarding schools. T. S. Eliot went there, as did Bobby Kennedy. The academics thrilled me. But my classmates were, for the most part, a sorry bunch of Old Boston losers for whom school was a low priority; when I volunteered a correct answer, they were likely to pound me in the back.

My response to a decade in the company of my gender? An all-consuming desire for revenge, disguised as ruthless ambition. Global success and massive wealth, yeah, that would show them. So I not only got into Harvard, I skipped my freshman year. Having written my senior thesis in what should have been my junior year, I wisely decided to stick around for a fourth year—our government was on such a rampage that a thousand Americans a month were coming home in body bags from Vietnam—which is how I came to be the first member of the Harvard Class of '68 to publish a book.

Then I ran out of visible targets, and I had no mentors to suggest that creative work could come from an inspiration other than "I'll show them." At 22, I had hit the wall. I had no idea what to do next.

fortunately, from the beginning, there were girls.

At the age of eight, I published a book review in the local newspaper, which was for me what scoring a winning touchdown might have been for another kid. Girls noticed—smart girls, anyway. So I kept at it. Soon my best friends were theatrical girls, girls who wrote poetry, girls overlooked by the football captain and student-council president. But a peck on the cheek was the most they gave me; as late as the ninth grade at my suburban junior high school, girls wore full girdles on dates.

Boarding school was a revelation. Just like me, the rich girls had libidos that revved high. I joined every extracurricular activity that involved my mouth. And after the debate and the drama rehearsal and the yearbook meeting, there was likely to be a make-out session that left me wanting more.

In college, the dorms had rules that limited female visitation, so I moved off-campus. The revels commenced promptly. Weekend evenings assumed a pleasant pattern: jug wine, Mexican weed, "Going Home" by the Stones or "Eight Miles High" by the Byrds on the turntable. I never needed to lunge. Long before the room started spinning, we'd be reaching for one another.

There was a war on, and that heightened the urgency of my liaisons. There was an antiwar as well, and the saying had it that girls say yes to guys who say no. Because I was saying no to the government and its filthy war as often and as publicly as possible, many college women said yes to me; they said yes, yes, yes! After a while, I couldn't remember how many women I'd slept with or even that much-cooler statistic, the number of consecutive days I'd gone from one to another.

Desire and war make a recipe for hot, frenzied sex—but not intimacy. In my late teens and early twenties, intimacy was beyond me; my needs were too urgent, too desperate. It had to be



[book excerpt]

obvious to the women I was seeing then that they were a haven for me, shelter from the storm. Maybe that was enough. Maybe I was a haven for them as well.

Still, those early couplings were important preparation for what was to come. And I don't just mean deeper connections; I mean loftier highs: peyote, LSD, and mescaline. These drugs gave deeper sensation, purer flashes. They also generated hours of consciousness. When you took them, you couldn't have sex and then collapse like a drunk into heavy sleep. You had to either get up and go out or talk. I chose to talk.

I can't remember these conversations, but I know that my lovers and I would exchange ideas and swap stories. And I clearly recall that I would listen to these women and take them seriously and accept them as a being as hopeful and as damaged and as scared as I was.

Soon I was feeling quite the adult. Then came spring 1969.

Janet (not her real name) was a friend of the sister of a sometime girlfriend. The connection was a little close for comfort, but that sort of thing happened a lot back then. We had a relationship that couldn't have been simpler: When we saw one another, we ripped off our clothes.

Ours was an understandable attraction. I was short, intense, Jewish, and not very interested in outdoor sports. Janet was tall and blonde, with a model's long legs and an athlete's body. We were exact opposites, and we attracted. There was no guilt; we were a romp together, a time-out from our lives. Our sex was hot, but innocent. We liked each other a lot, but nothing was at stake.

On the night I'm recalling now—a night I'll cherish until my last breath—Janet was still living in Cambridge, and I'd moved to a communal farm in Western Massachusetts. The male-female ratio was wretched there, and the heroic males wore overalls. After weeks of solitary nights, I could feel the sap rising dangerously.

I drove to Cambridge, mescaline in my pocket. I mentioned it right off. Janet was open to taking it with me. Her only question was about its quality.

Oh, the mescaline was good, I said. A guy at the farm had dropped some and an hour later, he was facedown on the ground, humping Mother Earth. Back then, that constituted an endorsement. We popped the pills.

A psychedelic can take an hour to come on, so we went for a walk. It was a warm night, and the trees were newly heavy with leaves. For the ecstatic, Cambridge was a showcase: Anything green soon began to pulsate with life energy. Even the traffic lights were sending messages.

Somehow we found our way back to Janet's apartment. I didn't stumble to the record player and put an album on, as I usually would. I understood that on this night, we'd be the music. Slowly, as if we were swimming underwater, clothes dropped off. And then we sat, as languid as junkies, and just touched one another.

I can't reconstruct the physical part of the encounter, but I'm sure there was nothing special about any of it. The thrills were all internal. I'd never been more present, more responsive, more in sync with every move and emotion. Everything that happened seemed predestined and yet utterly surprising.

And the biggest surprise was the love I felt.


Not that Janet and I had a future. She'd go on to a man handsome enough for Hollywood, and marriages and kids; I would have a decade of broken romances before I married, for the first time, at 39. But the future wasn't an issue. There's nothing harder in life than being here now—giving the moment and your partner your complete attention. Well, I did.

Our orgasm was alchemy. One moment we were locked together, then we became one, and then ... poof! No bodies, no names. We had disappeared.



I don't know where we went or how long we were gone, but the return was gentle. This was a new feeling, and it had unexpected power. We held each other and whispered, and there was a sweetness about those moments that was as thrilling as all that had gone before.

I've known a lot of gentleness since, and I've been the recipient of more female kindness and tenderness than I probably deserve. John Updike once described another writer as a man who saw woman as a giant lap. But I know I wasn't hiding from the world in the beds of my lovers; I was trying out a little tenderness, exposing myself, daring to risk.

Now I'm in my final marriage, and my wife is the beneficiary of lessons learned from the women who came before her. The weed has changed; now it comes from somewhere in Northern California. And the music's more international; we're as likely to play Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan as Led Zeppelin. But the essential transaction remains unchanged. Slowly, slowly, in bed with a woman, I am learning how to be human. 

The author is a New York-based journalist and editor of the cultural concierge service (books, music, movies) HeadButler.com. He has been a contributing editor for *Vanity Fair* and *New York*, and a contributor to *The New Yorker*, *The New York Times*, and other publications. His books include *Highly Confident:*

The Crime and Punishment of Michael Milken, *Airborne: The Triumph and Struggle of Michael Jordan*, and *Pre-Pop Warhol*.



This essay is excerpted from the book *The Good Men Project: Real Stories From the Front Lines of Modern Manhood*, published by Greenleaf Book Group and available online at GoodMenProject.org.

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a smart cookie

Luscious Ella Milano has looks *and* brains going for her. The erotic actress is studying political science at Cal State and hopes to become an attorney. As she says, "I'd like to stay in adult entertainment for as long as I can, then put my experience to work as an attorney in the industry." We just love girls who are as into the porn business as we are.

Photographs by Emma Nixon



"My astrological sign, Capricorn, suits me perfectly. Usually the descriptions are creepily-eerily close to describing me. (Yes, creepily-eerily. I make up words.)"







"When I need to let a man
know what I want, I just get
on top of him. I take control
and make it happen."



"I've had a lot of great sexual experiences, but the most amazing ever was driving a manual prerunner truck in the desert while being fucked. Superfun!"







THE BIG RIP

ELLA MILANO
MARCH 2011 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





"The most daring thing
I've ever done is have
sex with my boyfriend in
the kitchen of his best
friend's house in front of
all his friends."



ELLA MILANO
MARCH 2011 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







Vital stats:

35-25-34; 5'3"

21 years old

Hometown:

Long Beach, California.

Favorite thing about your hometown:

Chill people, and I can bike to the beach. Southern California has beach and snow and desert all less than two hours away. It's perfect!

If you could live anywhere else, where would it be?

New York City. It's beautiful, and I love the fast-paced atmosphere.

Favorite vacation spot:

Puerto Rico, because I'm Puerto Rican and love the warmth.

Favorite TV shows:

I Love Lucy, Family Guy.

Favorite movies:

Casablanca, Gone With the Wind, The Fast and the Furious series.

Favorite food:

Chocolate!

Favorite music:

Anything but opera.

Favorite sports:

Baseball (Go, Yankees!), football (Saints!), and all extreme sports—snowboarding, dirt biking, wakeboarding, skateboarding.

Favorite workout:

Kickboxing, yoga, sports.

Favorite fantasy:

Sex on a ski lift in Aspen.

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nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

What's the best way to approach something you and your partner are both interested in but apprehensive about, such as hiring a hooker or going to an S&M club?

Well, I would never suggest you do anything illegal ... in print. Let's categorize these things as "alternative-lifestyle interests" and take it from there, shall we?

Clubs are easy. Just go, even if it's for ten minutes to get a vibe. If you end up staying for 15 minutes, chances are you're not as apprehensive about it as you may have thought. You can do some research on the web and ask around in online communities beforehand. The real issue is your own moral compass. If you have no problem with the issues that could come up for some people, then I say get on with it. We aren't here for all that long, and you may as well gather your experiences while you can, provided you are safe and stay within whatever limits you have outlined for yourself.

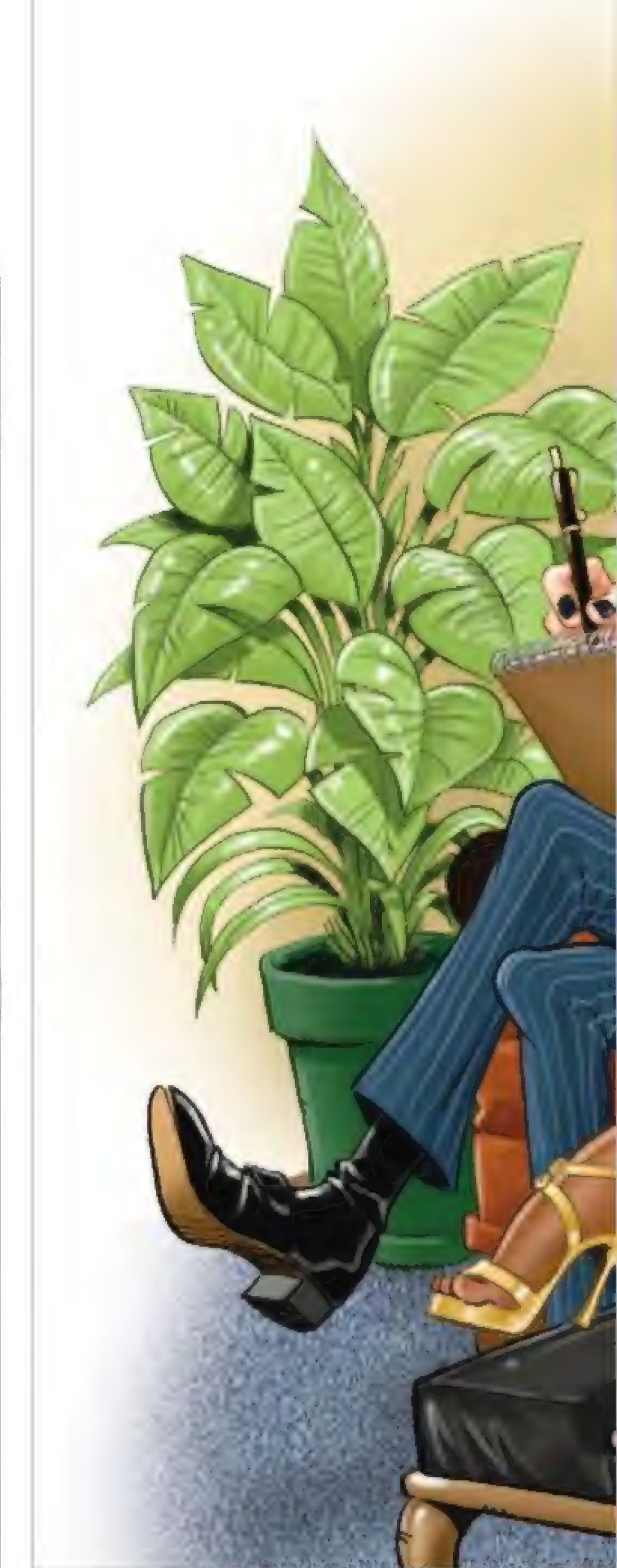
As for seeing hookers, my advice is simple. Be safe, safe, safe, safe! And don't get caught. If you are looking to do away with feeling apprehensive, don't bother. Apprehension is basically a mild form of fear, and for many, it's the fear that makes such choices alluring and hot. For some, it's not the sex with a hooker that is a turn-on but the fact that it's dangerous, illegal, and socially frowned upon. Personally, I am all for

the idea of legalizing prostitution. I believe if it were legalized, the rate of crimes against women would dramatically drop. I also think that the women in this line of work deserve the benefits of dental and medical insurance, probably more so than the average office worker.

How do you talk to someone who isn't meeting your needs in a relationship without hurting her feelings or putting her on the defensive in any way?

Depends on what needs you're speaking of. If the needs are of a sexual nature, there are a couple of ways you can go. Instead of asking, "Why don't you ever do such and such?" try suggesting it as a joint project, as in, "Wouldn't it be fun if we tried such and such?" It's a little manipulative perhaps, but it could save you from an uncomfortable situation where your partner feels less than worthy.

If your needs are of an emotional nature, sometimes being an example of what you want is a great way to show someone the areas in which they are lacking. However, at the end of the day, a conversation is the best way to communicate your needs. If your fear of that conversation is keeping you from having it, you may want to look at why you can't even meet your own needs. If you can't take care of yourself and say what you want, how can someone else do it?



I just started hanging out with a seriously hot rocker girl. She's made it clear that if we go on a date she won't sleep with me. She isn't saying she won't go out with me, just that she won't sleep with me. What does that even mean? Is she trying to discourage me or trying to seem like marriage material? How do you deal with a preemptive cold shoulder?

Well, I suppose she's saying that she is not someone to easily give up the sex, if that's all you're after. She's more or less interested in seeing what happens. My advice, should you go on the date, is to just play it cool and not even think about sex. If it's meant to happen, it will. Look at it this way: You're already not sleeping with her. What's the worst that could happen? You'll still be not sleeping with her.

For me, sex wouldn't be the issue



ILLUSTRATION BY TOM RICHMOND

here. I don't like conditions set prior to a date. If I'm truly interested in the person, however, I don't really care. You may be making a bigger deal out of this than it is. I mean, how long does a "date" really last? A couple of hours? Surely you can make it through a couple of hours, be respectful of her wishes, and not cross a boundary.

During sex, my husband often mentions wanting to watch me have sex with another guy—or two guys. We have never had an open marriage and have never brought other partners into our bed. I have to admit that the idea of another man intrigues me, but I would not want my husband to be with another woman. (I know. But I'm just being honest.) I keep asking him if he's sure he would not be jealous and it would not affect our

marriage, and he keeps assuring me that he would be okay with it. Am I asking for trouble if I agree?

I'll tell you a cautionary tale that a friend of mine once shared. He was really interested in seeing his girl with another man. He asked and asked and asked her to sleep with a friend of his while he watched. One night, after a few drinks, she caved in and agreed. My friend watched as his girl had relations with another guy. While in the midst of watching, he realized that not only did it bother him, he was sickened and disgusted. He couldn't handle it. When the whole thing was over, she went back to my friend and expected a warm reception. He said, "That was a test and you failed," and broke up with her immediately.

I'm not saying that this will happen to you. My point is that sometimes our

fantasies are larger than we think our feelings will be. Be careful.

I have been dating my boyfriend for five months now. We're exclusive and it's getting serious. Before we met, he had signed up on a few dating sites, met women on these sites (not me), and went on a few dates. No big deal, right? This is 2011. Well, I recently discovered that not only is he still a member at two of these sites, but he logs on to them regularly. When I confronted him, he said it's no big deal; he doesn't talk to anyone on them. I am a very trusting and nonjealous person, and I have no issue with him keeping the sites (for now). What I do take issue with is that he logs on to them every day. I can understand that every few weeks, if you're online and bored, you would log on. But his behavior makes me worry that he is keeping his options open and not totally committed to us. What do you think? I need a guy's advice. Is this no big deal? Is it all in good fun? If the tables were turned, would you feel strange about your girlfriend keeping a profile on dating sites?

It's the old "online takeout menu" issue. Look, what is acceptable to one person is not always acceptable to another, and I have no idea what you're willing to overlook. Devil's advocate time: I have a number of sites that I look at on a daily basis, merely out of habit. I wake up, have some coffee, and look through various music sites, humor blogs, Facebook, Twitter, and the like. Even if I'm not that interested, I'll browse through them all anyway. Granted, none of these are dating sites and I don't have a girlfriend. Regardless, maybe it's all just habit with him. Maybe he's just looking for outside validation without the intention of following through. I have to speculate because I have no idea. The real question is: What is acceptable for you? If you are wishy-washy about your own boundaries, how can you expect someone else to know what they are? Perhaps this isn't about him, but about you and your ability to speak up and take charge of what you want. He is who he is and you chose him. Now you have to learn to navigate through this relationship as an adult. ☞

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.

Creature Feature

By Christine Colby

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hat do you think of when you think of taxidermy? A trophy deer head on the wall of a hunting lodge, maybe. How about a taxidermist? Probably a big, bearded guy in a plaid shirt and work boots, with a plug of chewing tobacco stuck in his lip. Meet Sarina Brewer of Custom Creature Taxidermy Arts and co-founder of the Minnesota Association of Rogue Taxidermists (MART), with fellow

artists Robert Marbury and Scott Bibus. She's been challenging traditional notions of taxidermy, art, and femininity since 1997. She defines "rogue taxidermy" as "a genre of pop-surrealist art characterized by mixed-media sculptures containing conventional taxidermy materials that are used in an unconventional manner." In other words, she uses taxidermy to create kinda freaky and kinda cool art. Her most notorious work features parts from different animals grafted together to create crypto-zoological chimeras, such as a cat with wings or a goat with a fish tail—more sophisticated takes on the kitschy jackalope. Or she dyes them unrealistic colors, as with her whimsical green "Franken-Pussy."

Another thing that sets Brewer apart from the sportsmen-type taxidermists is that she uses only animals that were roadkill, discarded livestock, destroyed nuisance animals, casualties of the pet trade, or animals that died of natural causes. None were killed for her art, and she uses as much of the remains as possible. Most rogues follow the same guidelines.

The popularity of taxidermy in urban areas is rising. It's featured in high-priced department-store windows, exclusive Manhattan restaurants, and hipster bars (one in Brooklyn even hosts an annual taxidermy contest). The artists of MART were showcased at a prestigious 2010 gallery show in Los Angeles. The event included a squirrel taxidermy demo, followed by a



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBINA VON SWANIK



“gamefeed”—a chili feast made from the squirrel in question. This past summer, Marbury lectured at New York’s Coney Island Museum on taxidermy in fine art. Public interest in the art is only growing, and a glance at the MART website shows there to be many members, including a surprising number of women, all of whom seem to be, like Brewer, very attractive.

How was MART founded?

Scott Bibus, a classically trained taxidermist gone rogue, invited me to an art crawl. Robert Marbury happened to be showing his work in one of the other spaces. Bibus already knew him and wanted to introduce us and show me Marbury’s work. When I walked into the space and saw his creatures made from polystyrene taxidermy armatures and faux fur, I immediately saw a relation between what he did and what I did. I thought the three of us would make a cool, offbeat theme for an exhibition. I approached Marbury and casually suggested a group show. At this point in the evening it was mostly the beer talking—and the flask of vodka in my purse—but he contacted me immediately after the show to pursue the idea. We named the event “Rogue Taxidermy,” and the name stuck. We got amazing press because of Marbury’s efforts, which soon led to our names splashed across the Arts section of *The New York Times*.

Other artists working with similar materials started to come out of the woodwork, and all were ecstatic to find others working in the same vein. It was clear to us that we needed to form a group where like-minded artists could come together. We came up with the name “The Minnesota Association of Rogue Taxidermists” over drinks at a local tiki bar, but, in actuality, we’re an international guild and have members from all over the world.

There are a lot of women listed on the Rogue Association website. Are women more likely to be rogues than traditionalists?

I receive the majority of my emails from other women artists. They’re excited to have found another woman working with the same materials they do. They identify with my work and understand where it’s coming from. Women have an instinct to nurture—I think the love of animals is an extension of this. Animal parts are not a random medium when used in art—they’re not a neutral medium like clay or steel. They were once living creatures, and the art people create with them is in commemoration of that. I think most women who have a deep love of animals also believe animals have a soul, so there is spiritual meaning on some level when incorporating their remains into art. I think women are drawn to rogue taxidermy for that reason—it’s an avenue to express their love of animals.

What is so shocking about the idea of a woman wrist-deep in animal innards?

I don’t know, but I suspect it may be a variation of the Madonna/whore complex [*laughs*]. Any artist working with animal materials takes a lot of shit for it from the general public, but women are judged far more harshly than men because it appears to defile our societal role as nurturer.

Do you find anything in common with most taxidermists?

Nothing, other than that we both work with animal materials. The animals mounted by a sportsman taxidermist were killed for fun and sport. No animals are killed for the purpose of creating my art. I recycle animal parts that would otherwise go to waste. Hunting trophies are just that—a trophy, something that pays tribute to a human for killing an animal, and proof of that achievement. My work is the complete opposite. My work is an homage to the animal.

Can you describe your work with museums and other institutions?

I've been volunteering my skills in the biology department of the Science Museum of Minnesota for eight years. My duties include cleaning skeletons and preparing study skins. I think most people have seen a study skin in a museum but they didn't know what it was called; mammals are skinned just like they are for a regular taxidermy mount, but instead of mounting the skin to an animal-shaped armature, the skin is simply filled with cotton and sewn up. The finished specimens lie on their bellies so they can be stored side-by-side in flat file drawers. The birds are mounted flat on their backs, corn-dog style, with a thin wooden dowel up their rump. Since study skins are used only for scientific purposes, they are a no-frills affair and have cotton in the eyeholes. We catalog information on each animal—measurements, date and location where the animal was found, its sex, etc.—then save the data along with the study skin for scientific use by the museum and by the Minnesota Department of Natural Resources.

Your early art has a very memorial feel—homages to passed pets, and giving resting places to found carcasses. Do you feel your current work serves the same purpose?

The circle of life has always fascinated me, even as a very young child. My parents told me not to play with dead animals, but I couldn't leave them to the elements—they all needed a funeral. As early as second grade, I had already devised very specific rituals that I felt were necessary to venerate dead animals. Those old plastic canisters for 35-millimeter film were my coffins of choice for anything that would fit. As I got older, the funerals and burial receptacles got more complex. I started to bury small objects like beads and plastic farm animals along with them. Naturally, a pet required even more accoutrements and an elaborate ceremony. Much of my work in college had a very shrinelike feel to it. I started gold-leafing animal remains, often encasing them in cigar boxes. The method I use to commemorate the animals has evolved since my college years, but my intentions have remained the same; I'm creating something beautiful in their honor ... and beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

Can you describe what it was like the first time you worked with an animal carcass? Were you afraid or squeamish?

I had a huge knot in my stomach and a quivering hand when the scalpel hit the skin of my first dead squirrel. It was so long ago now that it's hard to remember working through those initial stages, but I do remember it took several months to overcome. Skinning an animal actually isn't as gross as people think. If you do it correctly, you never see any entrails or blood. Taxidermy is basically just peeling off the skin. After you remove the skin, you're left with a carcass that doesn't look much different than what you would see hanging in a butcher shop—just a skeleton with all the meat still covering it. However, my esodermy sculptures do necessitate removing the entrails, and I still find that exceedingly unpleasant. Fortunately that's the only aspect of my work that I don't care for. My gross-out meter has become somewhat desensitized over the years. About the only things that turn my stomach anymore are bad eye boogers.

How is esodermy different from taxidermy?

When you create a modern taxidermy mount, the skeleton of the animal is generally not used. You remove the skin and the carcass is discarded. After the skin has been tanned, it's positioned over a rigid armature that replicates the animal's body. The skin is then teased into place before it's sewn together around the armature. The literal translation of the word "taxidermy" accurately describes the process: "taxi" means to move, "dermy" refers to

"Franken-Pussy" is constructed from a single cat skin, including the green sections.



the dermis, or the layer of the skin. So taxidermy means "to move skin"—this describes exactly what you're doing.

Correct terminology for the finished product is a "mount," because the skin is mounted over the armature, not stuffed as some people think. The term "stuffed animal" is a misnomer. Esodermy is anti-taxidermy; it utilizes the animal components not used in standard taxidermy, yet presents them in lifelike poses that mimic taxidermy. Apart from the somewhat obvious play on words—"eso" referring to "esoteric"—I created the word "esodermy" because it mirrors the way the word "taxidermy" translates—"eso" means within and "dermy" refers to the dermis. The literal translation of esodermy is "within skin."

After I've taken the skin off an animal for a taxidermy mount, I'm left with the carcass. I think the intentional wasting of animal materials is unethical, so I recycle as much as possible and adhere to a strict "waste-not, want-not" policy in my studio.

I've always been fascinated with internal anatomy for its intricacy and beauty, and greatly admire the work of French anatomist Honoré Fragonard, who preserved and displayed skinned human cadavers in lifelike poses. Like him, I believe all organisms are an engineering marvel. I think animals are just as wondrous and awe-inspiring on the inside as they are on the outside. Many people think my esodermy pieces are for shock value, but in actuality that couldn't be further from the truth. I create them to showcase the underappreciated beauty within, and as a form of complete recycling.

Can you explain what a sideshow gaff is?

Fooling the public with make-believe oddities of nature is a long-standing sideshow tradition. A sideshow gaff is a display that isn't real, such as P. T. Barnum's Feejee Mermaid [a part-mammal, part-fish creation, passed off as an authentic mermaid], or a two-headed goat that has been faked. I get a fair number of commissions for sideshow gaffs. Some are bought by art collectors, but those that I've sold to actual sideshow operators are exhibited and presented to the public by their owners as the real McCoy.



"Capricorn," made from a lamb, roe deer, grouse, and a carp



"Mother's Little Helper Monkey," a vervet monkey and a partridge



"Siamese Twin Squirrels," Eastern gray squirrels

Ever gotten a date or laid because the person was interested in or aroused by what you do?

I'd say my profession earns me bonus points rather than demerits with the male company I keep, but I don't discuss what I do for a living with strangers in casual social situations. I'm not going to waste my time trying to explain my philosophy and what I do to some knuckle-dragger I'm never going to see again. I'm not sure if anyone has ever tried to score with me because they dug my art, but on the flip side I've screwed guys for *their* offbeat professions: A funeral-home gig and three Cosmos (okay, five) got a certain someone to home plate at a party. Squirrel blood under my fingernails didn't seem to have any impact on the quality of his erection.

You are an uncommonly attractive woman. For some reason, one doesn't expect that of a taxidermist. Any idea why not? How have your looks helped or hindered you in your art?

There is a stereotypical physical appearance for every job. When people hear the word "taxidermist," they're picturing that guy. When they see me instead, it throws them for a loop. Whenever you're the polar opposite of your assigned stereotype, people take notice because of the novelty appeal. Does it help biz being a hot redhead instead of that dude in the woods? Of course.

Do you get creepy fan letters?

Fuck, yes. I'll start saving them for you guys.

Can you disclose any celebrity clients?

I can't name names, but they all wear a lot of black.

How was the recent rogue-taxidermy exhibit at the alterna-cool La Luz de Jesus gallery in Los Angeles?

The gallery said the opening was one of the most packed they'd ever had, and it got the most press of any show. That was our first event that made local TV news. Half the pieces in the show sold, including two of mine. Each opening we do gets more and more attention. The one at La Luz was validation that rogue taxidermy

is an actual art form and is now being recognized by the mainstream art world. Creating a new genre, in music, fashion, or art, is an exciting thing that doesn't happen very often.

What response does your jewelry get?

I do get the occasional negative response from people who think wearing animal parts as ornamentation is disrespectful. It's always the same old boring bandwagon rhetoric. I have to wonder if they get bent out of shape when they see someone wearing leather shoes. Using an animal's remains to create a sentimental remembrance is a hell of a lot more respectful than shitting out a hamburger.

Would these people also impose their Anglo-Christian death rites on other cultures and decide how they should honor the loss of a loved one? Some religions consider burying or burning a body sacrilege. Some cultures preserve the remains of their relatives and house them where the family eats and sleeps. For people who think only "savages" would practice such things, I tell them about the mummified remains of saints on display in Catholic churches all over Europe, or about the Victorian practice of creating mourning jewelry—jewelry that incorporated the hair and teeth of the deceased and was worn by family members.

The point of all this is that reverence is relative; how a person shows respect varies from culture to culture and person to person. Reverence and respect are about intention. Nature and animals have played key roles in my life since I was a child. Pets were considered part of the family, and still are in my adult life. In keeping with the tradition of Victorian mourning jewelry, I have kept remains from several of my pets to create remembrances and shrines. My artwork and jewelry is merely an extension of this form of veneration; it's an homage to the animal I use.

The desirable lifelike quality of mounts—the ineffable spark of life—is called "jizz," particularly for birds. Since this is for *Penthouse*, can you help me come up with a "jizz" joke?

Can't help you there, but try asking a taxidermist—I hear they'll mount anything (*be-dump-bump*). ☞



THE AGE OF AQUARIUS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Being photographed by Bob Guccione is an experience I'll never forget," said then-22-year-old Brandy, our 1992 Pet of the Year. "He transforms a photo session into something uniquely creative and artistic." Brandy debuted in *Penthouse* in May 1990 under her stage name of Jisé, but almost two years later she told us she had become quite a different girl from that self-proclaimed thrill-seeking snowboarder. "I've become much more serious and focused," the new *Penthouse* queen declared, "and I've gotten a lot more concerned with getting ahead in my acting and modeling career." Brandy proudly looked forward to her role as an ambassador and spokesperson for *Penthouse* as Pet of the Year: "It's an even greater honor than being Miss America. Men will view me as a symbol of quality, class, and respectability—and hopefully, women will agree."







Brandy shared the cover of her Pet of the Year issue with comedian George Burns. "He was a regular gentleman," she said. "He truly impressed me. It's not every day you get to meet a legend."





The curvaceous Aquarius was a firm believer in astrology, and considered herself a prime example of her star sign. "I'm eccentric and very serious," she explained, "with a great appreciation of beauty."









The sun-kissed California beauty told us that she was “working out on a regular basis,” which she credited for her 36-23-35 figure. “Plus,” she added, “becoming Pet of the Year has really made me blossom. There’s a special glow in my eyes.”

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AVATAR IN THE AMAZON

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Real-life Na'vi are fighting for survival. It's not in 3-D, and it doesn't make headlines, but the stakes couldn't be higher.

Text and photographs by
Nicholas Gill

When the rain stopped the sun was already gone.

Our *peke-peke*, a motorized canoe, got a late start for the Cacataibo village of Sinchi Roca in Peru's Central Amazon. The sky changed from bright blue to a dark mist where nothing could be seen. It smelled sweet, though. You could dissect the scent like a wine. There were hints of chocolate, banana, and passion fruit. The air was fresh. The rain was warm.

The Amazon Basin covers 1.7 billion acres, and accounts for 20 percent of Earth's fresh water and more than 30 percent of its species. Its existence keeps the entire planet an estimated 1.5 to 4 degrees cooler. It is home to pink dolphins, transparent frogs, lizards that walk on water, and a monkey that weighs less than three-quarters of a pound.

As I traveled last year across the world's largest rain forest, James Cameron's film *Avatar*, about a group of indigenous blue Na'vi who live in harmony with their rain-forest environment on the planet Pandora, had coincidentally become the highest gross-

ing film of all time. It tells the story of an Earth-based corporation with an army of private mercenaries that extracts a rare mineral called *unobtainium* from Pandora, and considers the Na'vi less than human. When the Na'vi begin to stand in the way of the extraction of the mineral, their homeland is destroyed and their entire race is nearly wiped out. Any fool can see the parallels. It's just a standard green subtext hidden by dazzling special effects.

As BP continues its cleanup of the Deepwater Horizon well in the Gulf of Mexico, the Amazonian oil business continues to thrive, and it is leaving a destructive swath on both the environment and the people who inhabit it. Say what you want about BP, but at the very least it is paying to have a sizable portion of the spill cleaned up, and immediately sprang to fix the leak. In the Amazon, rarely does someone pay to clean up spills that infect

entire river systems. Indigenous groups are now fighting for their right to be consulted about drilling on their land. Most of the people of the rain forest are impoverished to the point that they'll take any job they can get, though many have discovered that accepting the oil companies onto their pristine land is not worth the risk. They have little say in the matter, however.

Angela Tapia Arce of the Instituto del Bien Común, a Lima-based nonprofit that gives legal counsel to indigenous groups in Peru, traveled with me to Sinchi Roca to collect new eyewitness accounts of Camanos, the isolated Cacataibo that are one of 14 tribes living in voluntary seclusion in Peru. The Cacataibo and IBC are pushing for the creation of two reserves to protect the forest and isolated Cacataibo. They are collecting as many witness testimonies as possible as evidence for the Peruvian government, which has claimed not to have yet seen convincing proof that the tribes exist.

The Cacataibo were first exposed to the outside world in the 1930s, when the highway from Lima to Pucallpa split their land in half. About half chose to be left in isolation and retreated deeper into the forest. The Camanos maintain no contact with the outside world, even with the other Cacataibo. They are highly

KEY [crudeawakening]

vulnerable to common diseases like diarrhea and flu, which can be deadly, so contact with them is harshly restricted under numerous international treaties.

In the morning there were two new testimonies about the tribe. Sixteen-year-old Milton Garcia Bolivar explained how he was gathering wood near a stream called Río Tarahuaca in July of 2009, when he began to hear bird whistles. Seconds later he was pushed from behind and fell. He turned and saw a tall, muscular man with long hair and a deerskin that covered his waist. The man picked him up as he screamed. He was carried about 800 yards until he heard the calls of his family. He was then dropped and the man ran off with another figure into the forest.

Twenty-two-year-old Jhon Bolivar Perez was tracking a monkey in 2006, also near Río Tarahuaca, when he stumbled upon a Camano who was tracking the same monkey with an overweight, large-breasted woman. He watched as the man missed the target with an arrow and then turned toward him, at which point he fled.

According to the IBC, hundreds of sightings—including videotapes of oil workers that the IBC put on YouTube—have occurred in a vast region straddling the border of Cerro Azul Meámbar National Park. The problem is that the land is rich in natural resources. Lumber, most of it cut illegally, is floated downstream and sold to buyers who sell it to export companies for shipment around the world. Several multinational companies, including the Spanish company CEPSA and Canadian Petrolifera, are actively exploring the region for oil, too.

The last evening in Sinchi Roca, Tapia Arce noticed a piece of paper nailed to the post of a communal hut. “Has CEPSA been here?” she asked.

They had. A few weeks prior, a group of men in suits had passed out hats and T-shirts and promised jobs, though they never said how much they would pay or how many people they might need, according to the villagers. One of the traits of the oil companies is to consult directly with the villages, not with the larger organizations that have experience in technical issues and can speak for the Cacataibo (who live outside the villages) and the isolated tribes. CEPSA left a small pamphlet detailing the possible side effects of oil exploration—such as temporary loss of trees and the potential death of some fish—though it was in Spanish, and the majority of people here only speak Cacataibo, and even fewer can read. Tapia Arce read what was on the paper and the villagers were surprised no one from CEPSA had mentioned this to them. CEPSA had given them a map of where the seismic lines would pass on their territory. One of them would pass near Río Tarahuaca.

“What happens if they say they don’t want CEPSA on their land?” I asked. “They’ll come anyway,” Tapia Arce said. “These people really don’t have a choice. This was their consultation.” They just didn’t know it yet.

“What the companies did was a biological war,” says a local teacher with a rash that covers his body. “They didn’t need guns.”



A lawsuit claims that 17 million gallons of crude oil were spilled in the Amazon. Clockwise from top right: Pipes that carry the oil; a public notice in Peru regarding oil exploration (few villagers could read it); an Ecuadorian well waiting to be cleared.

Many scientists agree that the Amazon Basin is at a tipping point, and yet massive, landscape-altering, multinational projects are widespread. The Harakambuts in Madre de Dios, Peru, are fighting against Hunt Oil, tens of thousands of illegal gold miners, and the construction of the Inambari hydroelectric dam. In northeast Brazil, the recently approved construction of the Belo Monte Dam, the third largest in the world, will divert the flow of the Xingu River and flood vast areas of pristine rain forest, disrupt sensitive ecosystems, and relocate 12,000 people. Several companies are vying for the drilling rights to Ecuador’s largest undeveloped oil reserves, the Ishpingo-Tambococha-Tiputini (ITT) oil block underneath Yasuní National Park; however, a rare alternative has been suggested. The Yasuní-ITT initiative proposes the country will not drill if the world community helps fund a compensation trust to create renewable energy projects and low-carbon development, thus preventing 407 million metric tons of carbon-dioxide emissions. Some see it as ransom, others see it as a last hope.

Frustration and mistrust have been brewing in the Amazon since Francisco de Orellana crossed the region in 1542. They’ve reached a boiling point as indigenous groups that have been pushed deeper and deeper into the forest have nowhere left to go. A study in the *Environmental Research Letters* found that 48.6 percent of the Peruvian Amazon is currently covered by 52 active oil and gas concessions, nearly six times as much land as was covered in 2003.

“Peru’s government is trying to kick-start an oil boom, and the extent of the Amazon that can be explored by companies has quintupled in the last few years,” said David Hill of London-based Survival International.

In mid-2009, an uprising in Bagua, Peru, saw spear-toting natives block a road for 55 days in protest of the region being opened up to transnational oil and logging companies. Law C169 of the Indigenous and Tribal Peoples Convention, set up by the International Labor Organization and ratified by Peru in 1994, obliges Peru to consult indigenous people in cases in which the state or a company plans to exploit the natural resources in the land that the indigenous people occupy. That didn’t happen here, and Perenco, the British-French company that has found oil in the



region, is promising a \$2 billion investment.

On June 5, the government called in 600 heavily armed DINOES policemen, who were backed by an Mi-17 helicopter and an armored vehicle, and opened fire on a crowd of protesters at dawn at the spot on the highway known as the Curva del Diablo, the Devil's Curve. In the aftermath, 24 police officers and at least 9 indigenous people were dead, though indigenous leaders and human-rights groups insist many more were killed, and witnesses allegedly saw police burning bodies and throwing them into rivers from helicopters.

"Bagua happened because Peru's government is trying to sell off the Amazon without the permission of the people who have lived there for hundreds of years, and whose rights to it are recognized in international law," said Hill.

The protesters have since faced political persecution, and the Peruvian government even proposed dissolving AIDESEP, Peru's national indigenous organization. AIDESEP's president, Alberto Pizango, has been forced to seek asylum in Nicaragua. A formal commission into what happened went on behind closed doors, and the indigenous rejected signing the document in January 2010 because it watered down the police's role in the incident. The incident barely made international news.

As I waited along the Río Aguarico for a canoe to cross to the village of Dureno, in the Ecuadorian Amazon, Cofán leader Emergildo Criollo told me about when Texaco first arrived on Cofán land (where the modern city of Lago Agrio sits today), in 1974. He was six years old when the first helicopter appeared. Everyone in the village ran into the jungle and hid. Boats came and unloaded machines. In three months, ten hectares of forest were cleared. The Cofán abandoned their old village and moved deeper into the forest, to present-day Dureno. In six months, Texaco was there, too.

Soon the river was covered in oil. Everyone had stomachaches from drinking the water that was now contaminated. The alligators turned black and the fish changed color. Noise from the wells scared away all the animals, which the Cofán depended upon for food. Throughout Cofán history the shaman could cure any ailment. Now, new diseases and pains appeared that the shaman couldn't cure. They had rashes, headaches, fevers, and the women

began having miscarriages. For many women, this happened multiple times.

When Criollo had his first child, it died within three months. When his second child was three years old, he came home after drinking river water and began vomiting. He died 24 hours later. Criollo's brother, uncle, aunt, and cousin would all die of cancer. The people of Dureno soon began to believe that the river was contaminated and began drinking the rainwater. Soon that was polluted, too.

An estimated 30,000 people in the Ecuadorian Amazon, who call themselves *los Afectados*, have taken the oil giant to court in the case *Aguinda v. Texaco*. In 2009, a court-appointed expert deemed Chevron, which bought Texaco in 2001, responsible for an estimated \$27 billion in damages, one of the largest environmental lawsuits in history. The plaintiffs claim that, from 1964 to 1990, 18 billion gallons of toxic wastewater were deliberately dumped, 17 million gallons of crude oil were spilled, and hazardous waste was left in an estimated 1,000 unlined pits. They call it the Amazon Chernobyl.

Chevron, which declined to comment for this article, has vigorously denied these charges. It has claimed in court and press releases that Texaco didn't break any laws and that they are not liable for any environmental damage. "For the U.S.-based contingency-fee lawyers, this case has never been about facts, evidence, or law," it says on Chevron's website. "Instead, it has been a constant campaign of misinformation designed to pressure Chevron into a large financial settlement."

The outcome of the case could send shock waves across the region. Indigenous people are organizing themselves, and realizing not only that foreign corporations can be held accountable, but also what could happen if they don't take a stand.


By taxi, Lupita de Heredia, a spokeswoman for the Amazon Defense Coalition, showed me pit after pit between Coca and Lago Agrio. Trails of black led from the pits, and swirls and sludge could be seen in streams hundreds of yards away.

In the town of San Carlos, I saw a mother and her infant at the medical center with a rash related to drinking contaminated water. Most of the children here have it, the nurse told me. For years, the people who bathed in and drank from these streams simply pushed the crude aside and filled up their buckets, she said. They didn't realize there was anything wrong with the water. In the lawsuit, 1,400 cancer deaths are being attributed to the contamination. Chevron claims that the majority of health problems in the region are due to feces in water and poor personal hygiene. Their experts found no hydrocarbon contamination in most of the pits.

At a schoolhouse in Primavera, I spoke with teacher Wilmo Moreta, who disputes these experts. "What the companies did was a biological war," he said. "They didn't need guns. They say they left us with benefits? There are 20 wells near here and not one running toilet."

He showed me the rash that covers his body, and skin that has become so thin that the slightest impact causes a major wound. "We are afraid we will die and no one will know what happened here," he said.

In Lago Agrio, I stopped by the office of Pablo Fajardo, the lead Ecuadorian attorney in the Aguinda suit, to hear the latest developments. He pointed to a wall with approximately 200,000 neatly stacked documents. "This is the case."

Tens of thousands of lives in Ecuador and Peru, along with the future of the most biologically diverse ecosystem on Earth, have come down to lawyers and technical details in piles of paper, which, ironically, probably comes from trees illegally cut from the same soil. Take off the 3-D glasses. This is as real as it gets. 

MARCH MADNESS MEMORIES

The Top 10 most indelible moments in NCAA tournament history.

By John Bolster



1982: Jordan launches his legend.

As a spectator sport, the NCAA hoops tournament is just about perfect. It combines drinking, gambling, and overeating—frequently on a weekday morning—with pulsating basketball games. It's hard to imagine how it could be improved upon. With the Madness about to descend again and generate a fresh raft of electrifying highlights (it literally never fails in this department), let's look back on the most unforgettable sequences already in the tournament's archives. One caveat before anyone gets their oversized AND1 shorts in a twist: This is a list of the most *memorable* moments in March Madness history, not the greatest (hell, two of them involve bonehead plays—extremely costly bonehead plays).

10

1998 | **Valpo!**

The coach's son, Bryce Drew, drilled a catch-and-shoot three-pointer at the buzzer to give 13th-seeded Valparaiso a 70-69 upset of fourth-seed Mississippi in their first-round game. There have been dozens of memorable buzzer-beaters in NCAA history, but this one stood out for the 60-foot, two-pass sequence that set it up, and the massive upset it produced.

9

2008 | **Memphis Misses, Mario Swishes**

Kansas trailed Memphis by nine points with 2:12 to play in the '08 national-championship game, but clawed its way back as the Tigers—who shot a woeful 59 percent from the line that season—clanged four of five free throws down the stretch. Jayhawks guard Mario Chalmers sent the game into overtime by hitting a dramatic three-pointer with 2.1 seconds left on the clock, and Kansas rolled to a 75-68 win in the extra session.

8

1966 | **Texas Western Spurs Integration**

The '66 NCAA final was unforgettable to all who witnessed it because the game presented a tableau that had never been seen before in college basketball: an all-black starting five (Texas Western) taking on an all-white one—namely, No. 1-ranked Kentucky, led by its legendary, reputedly racist coach Adolph Rupp. Future NBA coach and GM Pat Riley played for Kentucky. Texas Western won 72-65, spurring a push for previously all-white programs to integrate.

7

1993 | **C-Webb: Man Out of Time(outs)**

Michigan's sophomore forward Chris Webber grabbed the rebound of a missed free throw with 19 seconds left in the national-title game and his team trailing North Carolina 73-71. He traveled (but didn't draw a whistle), dribbled past midcourt, stopped, and called a timeout with 11 seconds to go. The problem? Michigan had no timeouts remaining. UNC's Donald Williams made the technical and two free throws to ice the win for Carolina.

6

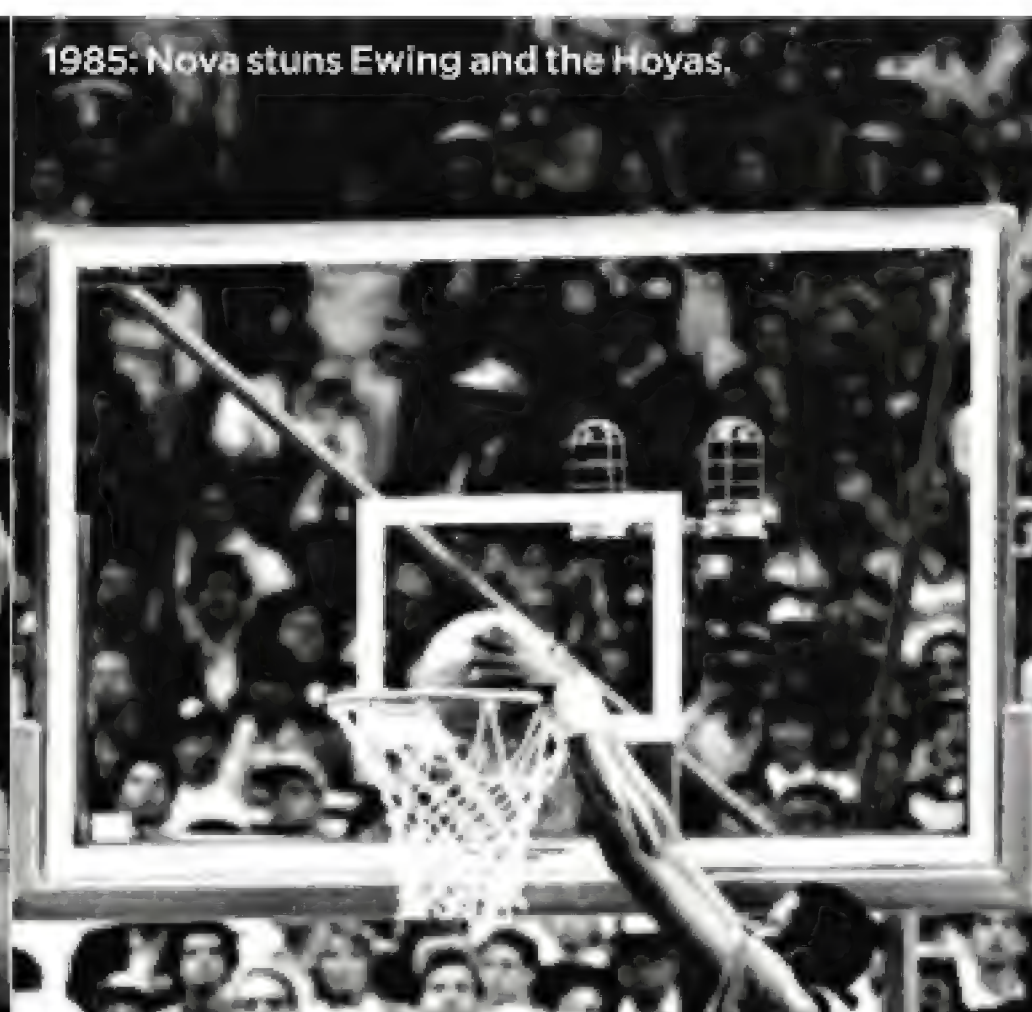
1987 | **Keith Smart—Bucket!**

Asked to describe his baseline jumper with four seconds left that gave Indiana a 74-73 win over Syracuse for the 1987 national title, Hoosiers guard Keith Smart told his postgame interviewer about getting the ball from his teammate, driving left, and then, as the replay screened in front of him, he just let loose with a simple, emphatic, "Bucket!" That's all he said—and all he needed to. It was a pure, bursting-with-joy moment. (Smart then stole the ensuing inbounds pass to lock up Indiana's win.)

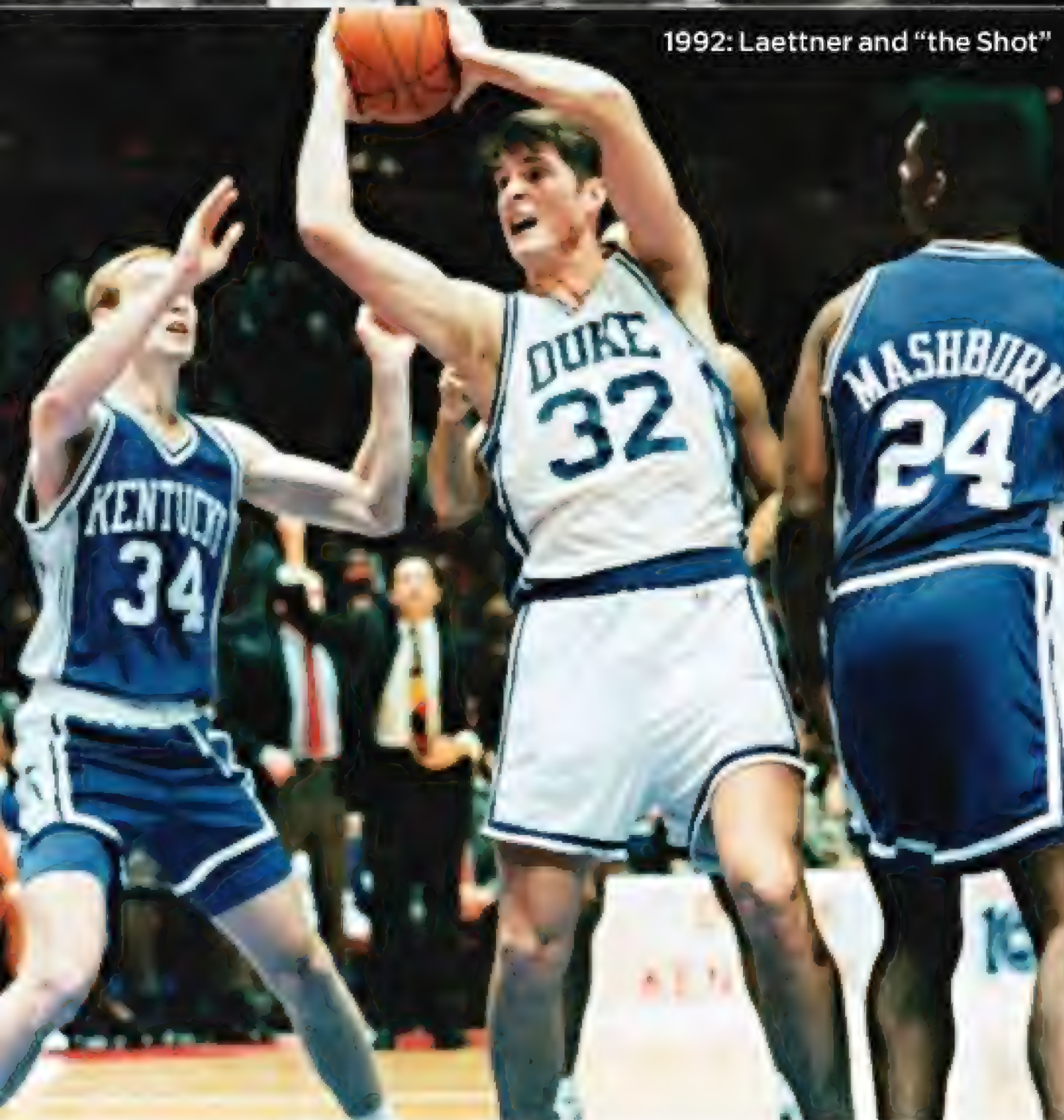
PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT) PHOTO BY RICH CLARKSON/GETTY IMAGES, BETTMANN/CORBIS, PHOTO BY GEORGETOWN/COLLEGE IMAGES/GETTY IMAGES, SPORTING NEWS/ZUMA PRESS/ICON SM, REUTERS/CORBIS



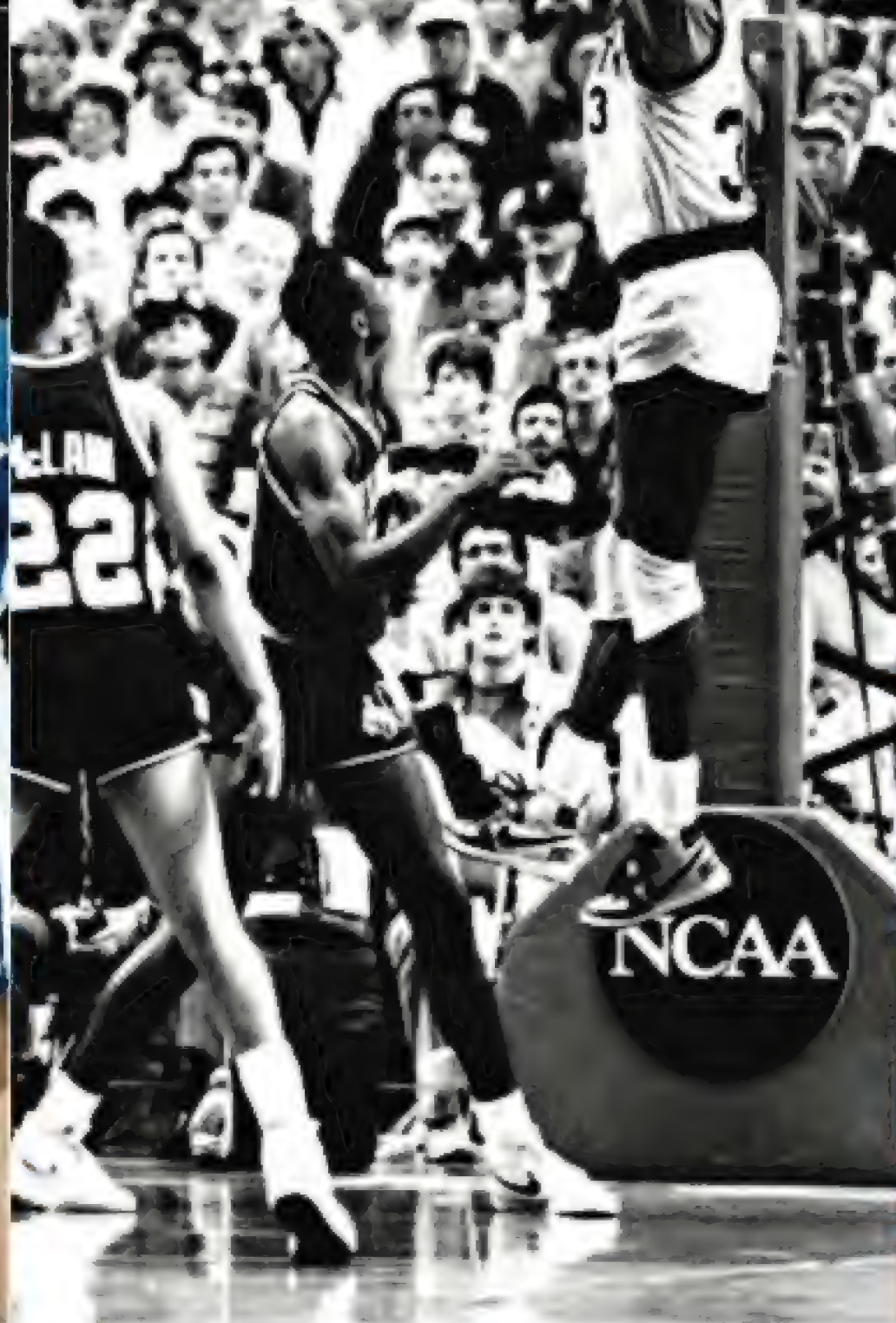
1957: Carolina tops Wilt and Kansas in triple OT.



1985: Nova stuns Ewing and the Hoyas.



1992: Laettner and "the Shot"



1982: Jordan Drops Georgetown



2008: Chalmers keys Jayhawks rally over Memphis.

5

1957 | **Tar Heels Go the Distance**

If there were any justice in the world of sports fandom—or if ESPN had existed in the fifties—North Carolina's 1957 national-title run would be at the top of this list. The undefeated Tar Heels (30-0) downed Michigan State 74-70 in triple overtime in the semis, then beat Kansas and Wilt Chamberlain 54-53 in the title game—also in triple overtime.

4

1985 | **Villanova Slays Goliath**

Georgetown was a No. 1 seed and the defending national champion, led by future Hall of Famer Patrick Ewing. Villanova was an eight seed, and had lost to Georgetown twice during the regular season. Hand the trophy to the Hoyas, right? Not so fast. The Wildcats shot a preposterous 78 percent from the field to win 66-64, and became the lowest seed ever to take the NCAA tournament.

3

1982 | **Jordan Drops Georgetown**

Here's the origin story of basketball superhero Michael Jordan: As a freshman at North Carolina, he did not shy away from taking a 16-footer with 17 seconds to play and his team down by one in the NCAA title game against Georgetown. He nailed it—foreshadowing countless icy-veined game-winners to come—and on the next possession, the Hoyas' Fred Brown suffered brain-lock, throwing the ball directly to Carolina's James Worthy, sealing a 63-62 win for the Tar Heels.

2

1992 | **Laettner Beats the Buzzer—and Kentucky**

There's a reason this one gets replayed every spring, ad infinitum: It was a storybook finish to one of the most well-played, seesaw games in tourney history. With a trip to the Final Four at stake, and 2.1 seconds on the clock in overtime, Kentucky led Duke 103-102. Blue Devils forward Grant Hill sent an inbounds pass 75 feet toward Christian Laettner, who beat two Wildcat defenders to the ball, caught it, dribbled once, turned, and drained a fallaway 18-footer for the dramatic victory.

1

1983 | **NC State Dunks Phi Slama Jama**

With the score tied at 52, North Carolina State held the ball for the last shot of the '83 title game against Akeem Olajuwon, Clyde Drexler, and heavily favored Houston. When the play they'd drawn up went off the rails, Dereck Whittenburg tossed up a desperation 30-footer. As the ball descended, well short of the basket, it appeared that overtime was in the cards—until NC State's Lorenzo Charles materialized at the rim, grabbed Whittenburg's air-ball, and dunked it. Game over. Cue jubilant Wolfpack coach Jim Valvano spinning around the court like a top. 





glitter girls

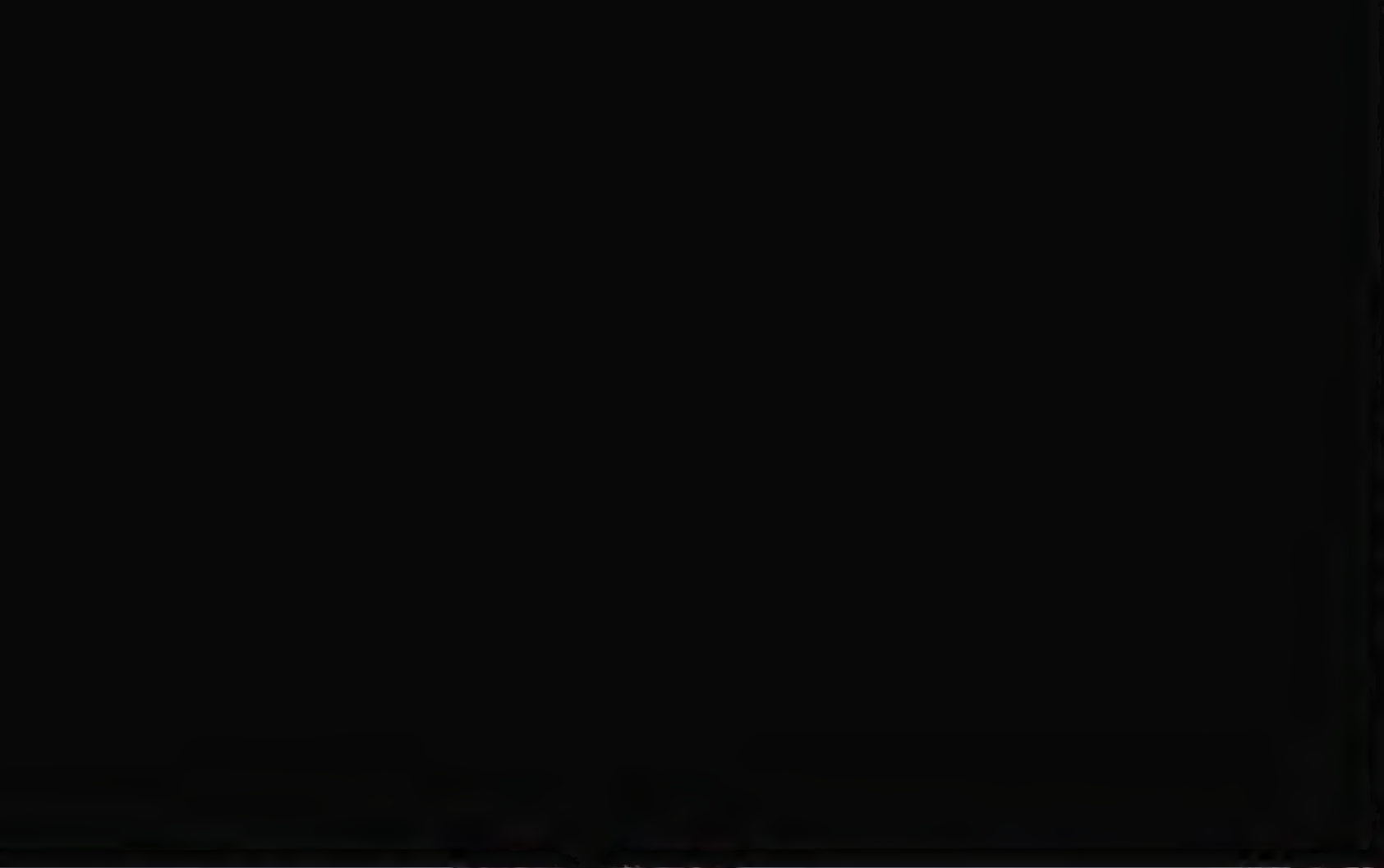
All that glitters isn't gold, but who cares? We couldn't ask for more than Bree Victoria and Hayden Winters draped in shimmering silver, surrounded by translucent bronze, and sporting bright metallic heels in addition to slinky lace—especially since they get as turned on by each other as we are by both of them.

Photographs by Emma Nixon





















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DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Relationships may be more complicated than ever, but the eternal truth is, sex is—and should be—good. In order to help you get the most out of your sex life, you need advice from experts on both sides of the bed.

By **Martin Downs, M.P.H.**, and **Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.**

■ INTIMATE ALLERGY

My girlfriend says she's allergic to my semen. Is this even possible?

The Downs side: It is. An allergic reaction to semen can cause genital itching, burning, or stinging sensations, redness, and swelling. In some instances, allergic women have systemic reactions, with such symptoms as dizziness, shortness of breath, wheezing, itching all over the body, and hives and welts on the face, lips, tongue, and throat.

If your girlfriend is allergic to semen, you can take comfort in knowing that it's not just you. Women with this allergy react to the semen of all males, so dumping you for another dude wouldn't solve her problem.

No one really knows how common semen allergy is, partly because it's not the sort of thing that many women want to explain to a doctor, and also because the itching and burning of a localized reaction can be easily mistaken for a vaginal infection.

In fact, it's not out of the question that your girlfriend has had a vaginal infection, and not an allergy. I don't know how long you've been together, but it is fairly common for women to get an infection called bacterial vaginosis soon after hooking up with a new partner. That's because our skin and mucous membranes are home to many kinds of bacteria, and an encounter with someone new could introduce some unfriendly newcomers to the region. It's also thought that semen might disrupt the normal microbial ecosystem of the vagina, causing one kind of bacteria to grow out of control.

There's also the possibility that she could have an allergy or sensitivity to something besides semen—maybe residue of something on your dick, like some lotion you'd been wanking with, or an overzealous application of body spray. And there have been cases of women having allergic reactions to traces in semen of food guys ate and even drugs they took.

Think about what might be on your grubby paws, too. By diddling her



pussy, you could expose her to any number of allergens and irritants. For example, women are known to have had allergic reactions to printer's ink, apparently because their husbands hadn't washed their hands after reading the newspaper.

I'd like to think not, but since you're having unprotected sex, it's also possible that your girlfriend has wishfully attributed the symptoms of a sexually transmitted infection, such as gonorrhea or chlamydia, to an allergic reaction. That's something you and she ought to get checked out before deciding that it's an allergy.

If it really is a semen allergy, then here are three options: (1) use condoms, (2) pull out, and (3) she could undertake desensitization treatment. The third choice involves seeing an allergist, who would deposit diluted semen solution from her partner in her vagina in increasing concentrations until she is able to take it straight up.

The catch is, this treatment only works as long as she's exposed to your ejaculate at least every 48 hours. If she were to miss a regularly scheduled sexual romp with you, she'd be back to square one.

Now, I know what you're thinking: guaranteed sex, like clockwork, at least every other day. Pretty sweet, right? But I think you'll agree that life is never like clockwork—a lovers' spat, a business trip, a bad case of flu ... and it's back to the doctor's office. My guess is she'll see it that way, and go for option one or two.

The Pet doctor: Martin's right, it is! Some women are allergic to certain proteins in semen—this is more common in women who are also prone to food allergies. Some women have only a localized reaction after contact with semen, such as burning, pain, and swelling in their vaginal area. Other women have a systemic response that involves trouble breathing, hives, and even anaphylaxis where they can pass out (and you thought she was fainting from orgasmic ecstasy). These symptoms can occur from 5 to 30 minutes after contact with semen.

Semen allergies are often misdiagnosed as a yeast infection or a herpes outbreak. To see if your girlfriend is really allergic to your semen, wear a condom next time you have intercourse with her. If she still experiences the symptoms, then the culprit is not your semen. Also, try using nonlatex, nonlubricated condoms, as some women are allergic to latex and spermicidal lubricant.

Interestingly, most women who experience vaginal semen allergies are not allergic to oral sperm ingestion, as the gastrointestinal tract seems to neutralize the proteins. There's even some evidence that swallowing semen may make women less allergic to it as their bodies get desensitized to these proteins.

One last bit of advice: Drink lots of water before intercourse because dehydration causes semen to concentrate and become more acidic.



■ MIND OVER MATTER

I don't suffer from premature ejaculation, but I've found that if I masturbate during the day, I last longer at night. Is there anything to this?

The Downs side: Sure there is. The hornier you are, the quicker you come. If you rub out one or two during the day, you won't be so hot and bothered later. That's basically it.

We tend to imagine the female orgasm as a shy unicorn and the male orgasm as a jack-in-the-box—turn the crank, and pop goes the weasel. But it's not all mechanical. Your biggest sex organ is, as the saying goes, between your ears. If you don't believe it, pick up a copy of *Technical Analysis of the Financial Markets: A Comprehensive Guide to Trading Methods and Applications*, and try jerking off to Figure 10.6, "A histogram measuring the difference between the 10- and 50-day averages."

By the same token, you can literally cream your jeans from excitement. If you've never felt a sexual thrill powerful enough to make you ejaculate spontaneously, without anyone or anything touching your dick, I hope someday you'll get to.

The Pet doctor: Most guys report lasting longer after a session of self-pleasuring, and many resort to that trick. Don't you remember the scene in *There's Something About Mary*? Just make sure to give yourself a few hours to recover from your refractory period. You can enhance the effect of your masturbatory practice by "peaking," or getting close to an orgasm, then reducing your stimulation and allowing your arousal to subside. When you feel that you are about to lose control, reduce stimulation and relax yourself. The goal is to avoid an orgasm and feel pleasure for as long as possible without ejaculation.

You can also improve control of your arousal by practicing pelvic-muscle exercise—those muscles you use to start and stop the flow of urine. Practice contracting and relaxing your pelvic muscles several times a day, and you will be able to last longer by contracting these muscles when you feel your orgasm approaching. Practice masturbation with peaking and pelvic exercises during the day to last through marathon lovemaking sessions at night!

■ HOT-BUTTON ISSUE

I thought the G spot worked for all women, but I've recently been told by one woman that stimulating that hot spot does nothing for her. Have I lost my touch, or are there more women out there who feel the same way?

The Downs side: The G spot is like an orgasmic detonator for some women; others don't even believe they have a G spot. They're probably both right.

In a headline-grabbing study published last year, researchers in England asked 1,800 women if they have a "so-called G spot," described as a nickel-size area on the front wall of the vagina that is "sensitive to deep pressure." A little more than half of the women answered that yes, they were aware of having such a thing.

Now, it happens that all of the women surveyed were twins. The researchers were interested in finding out if pairs of twins would each give the same answer. They expected to find that identical twins would always say the same thing, and that nonidentical twin sisters would more often answer the question differently. As it turned out, the identical-twin pairs didn't give matching answers any more than the nonidentical twins. The researchers concluded that if identical twins, whose bodies are exact genetic copies, don't always agree



about having a G spot, the G spot must not be real.

That conclusion caused a major shit storm. On one side, there were people cheering the study because it would help many women stop worrying about being unable to locate the G spot or make it “work.” On the other side, there was howling over the condescending denial of a thing that women with sensitive G spots know is definitely there.

If nothing else, this study does help to answer your question: The proportion may not be fifty-fifty, because most women in the world are not British twins, but clearly there are plenty of women out there who don’t get off on G-spot stimulation. You’ve met one, and you’ll meet others.

What should you do then? Simple. Do whatever else it is that makes her come, and whatever makes you come, and forget all about spots.

The Pet doctor: Unlike the clit, which all women have and enjoy having stimulated, the G spot can be an elusive and variable destination. There are women who don’t seem to have a G spot, and there are those who dislike G-spot stimulation because it makes them feel like urinating. As some women get older, they are more likely to feel G-spot stimulation because their vaginal walls thin out with declining estrogen support. And yet other women seem to have an equivalent of a G spot in a different part of their vagina.

It’s hard to tell whether you’ve simply missed the spot or if she doesn’t enjoy that sort of stimulation. You can buy a curved G-spot stimulator toy and try probing her vagina all around, imagining there is a clock inside it and stimulating it on every “hour.” You may find that G spot, or one of the other spots which some women may enjoy stimulating, such as the E-zone, or epicenter, which is located just above the cervix on the upper wall of the vagina, a few inches above the G spot. Some women experience “uterine” orgasms from stimulation of this area. Or she may like the AFE-Zone stimulation, which stands for the Anterior Fornix Erogenous Zone, or the area in front of the cervix. So turn yourself into her pleasure explorer. Who knows what treasure spots you’ll find inside her love canal? And if you don’t find any, just focus on that good old standby—her clit. It will never fail to respond to your stimulation.

■ LET’S PLAY MASTER AND SERVANT

I’ve just started a sexual relationship with this guy I’ve known for several months. The sex is really, really good, but at heart I’m a submissive. How can I get him to take a more dominant role in bed?

The Pet doctor: I am a big fan of direct communication. Tell him your favorite positions are missionary with his body crushing yours to the bed, or doggie with a bit of hair-pulling and ass-spanking. Give him effusive praise and lots of kisses when he takes charge. Next, you can initiate role-playing by giving him a sexy striptease before kneeling nude at his feet with a sweet “I am your sex slave, use me any way you wish!”

If you want him to go further, give him a peek into your fantasies—like the one where the handsome pirate ties you to the bed and alternately teases and fucks you until you’re begging him to take you all the way. If he shows interest, you can bring out those bonds you’ve been hiding in your drawer. Or you could take him shopping at an adult store and linger over the bondage and discipline gear until he asks about your interest in it. However, the more direct you make your desires, the easier it will be to get him to dominate you in just the way you want—and most men really prefer women to be direct.


The Downs side: If the sex is, as you say, “really, really good,” some might wonder, *What’s the problem?* Many people would gladly settle for really, really good sex—or even really good,

good, and pretty darned good sex. But I respect your aspiration to have great, really great, or even really, really great sex.

If you’re truly a submissive and the sex is as good as you say, then I think he must be taking a somewhat dominant role of his own accord. Your next move will depend upon the particular way in which you want to be dominated. Sexual domination and submission takes many forms, and plays out many different ways. Some people occasionally play dominant and submissive roles in erotic games that have clear boundaries. When they’re done playing, they step out of those roles. Others make a lifestyle out of being sexually dominant or submissive, and they take it quite seriously.

Domination and submission play typically revolves around a fantasy in which the dominant is the master and the submissive is some kind of slave. The dominant typically inflicts mild pain and humiliation upon the submissive, who, since it’s consensual play, enjoys it.

And don’t confuse the idea of sexual dominance and submission with rough sex. If your idea of being dominated is getting fucked hard and slapped around, that’s different from, say, spending hours ironing your master’s shirts in high heels with a spatula stuck up your ass.

But the best approach to getting what you crave sexually is to tell him exactly what you want. In order to do that, you have to figure out what it is, and how best to explain it. 



Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to Martin and/or Victoria at sexed@ffn.com.

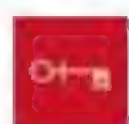
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GAMBLING

There's something really hot about talking dirty late at night, especially on the phone. It can be even more exciting and forbidden when your first time happens to be with a total stranger.

*By Kristina Wright
Illustrations by Charlene Chua*

Claire dialed the number before she lost her nerve. The phone rang and she had to wipe her damp palm across the sheet. "Hello?" It sounded as if he'd just woken up. "Hi," she said, trying for a sultry voice. "It's me." "Bad connection," he mumbled. Static crackled across the line. She frowned. That wasn't what he was supposed to say. She tried again. "I've missed you." "You have?" "Yes, I have. And this is an obscene

phone call."

"Really?" He sounded more awake now, but not quite himself. "Sounds intriguing."

"Mmm ... I promise you won't be disappointed."

"Well, sweetheart, where do we start?"

Something wasn't right. The static on the line made it impossible to hear him clearly. "Sam, let me call you back. This is a lousy connection."

"Who's Sam?"

"Oh, my God—" It wasn't Sam. She had just propositioned a stranger.

"Hey, no, it's okay," he said quickly.

"Don't hang up."

She hung up.

Claire stared at the phone, waiting for it to ring. She shook her head and picked up the receiver, carefully dialing the number Sam had given her. The phone rang twice.

"Change your mind?" There was humor in his voice. Humor and a warm familiarity that reminded her of late-night radio deejays.

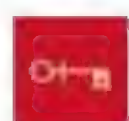
"I'm sorry," she managed to say. "I'm trying to call someone else."

"So I gathered."

"My boyfriend, actually."

"Lucky guy."





"I'm sorry," she said again, feeling like an idiot. A horny idiot.

"I'm not." He chuckled. "So tell me, do you make a lot of obscene phone calls?"

She laughed. "Hardly. This is my first."

"You mean we're still on?"

"What? Oh, no, I meant I was trying to make my first one. I botched it, huh?" She absently rubbed her fingertip across her nipple. It was puckered, rising up from her breast. She stroked the opposite nipple until she had a matching set.

"I don't know," he said. "I'm willing to give it a go."

"Really? Do you get many obscene phone calls?" She smiled, wondering what he looked like. She decided it didn't matter. She liked his voice.

"Actually, I'm hoping this will be my first one."

"Please tell me you don't have a sleeping wife or girlfriend lying next to you."

"Well, I do have a girl next to me, but she's a ten-pound ball of fur."

"Cat or dog?"

"Cat. Please, no jokes about men with cats."

"No, no," she said quickly. "I think it's sweet."

"What can I say? I like a little pussy."

She laughed at his lame joke. "You're cute."

"You don't know that. You haven't even seen me."

"True," she agreed. "But you sound cute. You sound ..."

"Sexy?"

"Yeah, you do. Very sexy."

"Mmm ... you sound pretty sexy yourself," he said.

"What are you wearing?"

She laughed. "Is that a standard question with men? 'What are you wearing?' Why does it matter?"

"I don't know. I want the visual, I guess." She could almost see him shrug.

"Would you be shocked if I told you I'm naked?"

"I'd be aroused."

She kicked her legs out from under the sheet.

"Well, I'm naked."

He groaned. "Well, I'm aroused."

"But are you naked?"

There was some rustling and then, "I am now."

"Are you touching yourself?" she asked, shocked at her own boldness.

"Oh, hell. I wasn't, but now I want to."

She stretched out on the bed, the phone cradled between the pillow and her head. She closed her eyes and imagined she could see this stranger with the sexy voice in front of her. He stroked himself up and down while he watched her. She slid her hands over her body, tugging gently at her nipples, caressing her breasts and stomach for him. She spread her legs a bit and felt the cool air glide over her fevered crotch. She gasped.

"What is it, hon?"

"I spread my legs. The air feels good."

She stretched out and imagined this stranger with the sexy voice was in front of her. He stroked himself up and down while he watched her.

"Are you wet already?"

"I haven't touched myself yet," she confessed.

"Are you playing with your breasts?"

"Mmm, yeah." She rubbed her fingertips lightly over her nipples again. "They're so sensitive."

"Pinch your nipples for me," he said. "Tell me how it feels."

She grasped her nipples between her fingers, as he requested, and pulled on them. She felt a corresponding tingle in her clit. "Oh, God, that felt nice. I could feel it right between my legs."

"I bet you're soaked. I wish I could see you."

"Tell me what you're doing."

He laughed, a breathy sort of laugh that let her know he was aroused. "I'm running my hand up and down the shaft, slowly. Up over the head, then back down. Real slow."

"You like it slow," Claire said. "I like that."

"Yeah? I'd love to touch you like this, this slow. Run my hands over your body, so slowly until you begged me to be inside you."

"Mmm," she breathed into the phone, hearing an echo of herself. Instead of being embarrassed, she was decidedly more aroused. "I'd like that."

"Touch yourself for me," he murmured.

She slid a fingertip over her engorged clit and gasped. "Oh, I'm so wet."

"Beautiful. Show me how you get yourself off."

Claire slid two fingers inside herself. She was so wet she was sure he could hear her. "Oh," she whimpered, using her thumb to rub her clit.

"That's it, hon." His husky voice urged her on. "Fuck yourself."

She could see him, see his cock. She whimpered. "I wish you were here. I wish you were inside me."

"Me, too. I'd slide into you slowly so you could feel every inch of me." His words teased her, driving her higher. "I want to feel your wetness around me. So tight and warm."

"Oh, God. I want you to fuck me hard." She arched her back off the bed and raised her hips as if to meet his thrusts.

He groaned. "I'd fuck you hard. I'd bury myself so deep inside you."

She slid a third finger inside herself, wanting to feel it just as he described it. She moaned, pumping her fingers into slick wetness while she rubbed her clit faster. It wasn't her fingers she felt as the pressure built, it was him.

His breath quickened and she knew he was close. Her cunt clenched her fingers. She wanted to come with him.

"Oh! Yes, now, please! Come inside me," she





moaned, thrashing around on the bed, fucking herself the way she wanted him to fuck her.

"Oh, God," he gasped. "That's it, yes."

She could almost feel him throbbing inside her. She bucked against her palm, coming hard, riding the wave of her orgasm while his deep moans filled her head. Her fingers slowed as her orgasm faded. Her cries became soft coos of pleasure as she teased her sensitive clit.

"That was nice," she whispered. "Thank you."

His quiet chuckle tickled her ear. "I should thank you. What a great way to be woken up."

She felt the postcoital pull of sleep and yawned. "Tired?"

"Mm-hmm." She yawned again. "Sorry."

"Don't be. I'll take it as a compliment."

She smiled in the quiet darkness of her room. "I don't even know your name."

"Oh, I don't know if I can tell you that. It seems so ... personal." They laughed together, then he said, "Michael Rossetti."

"Hello, Michael." Did she dare give him her real name? It hardly seemed to matter. "I'm Claire."

"Sweet dreams, Claire."

"You, too. Good night." She hung up and untangled herself from the sheets. As tired as she was, sleep was a long time coming.

It seemed only minutes later when the phone startled her awake. She pushed her hair out of her face and fumbled with the receiver. "'Lo?"

"Good morning, sleepy girl."

She glanced at the clock: 7:45 A.M. "Hey, Sam. What's up? How's your trip going?"

"It's fine. I was worried when you didn't call last night."

"I'm sorry, sweetheart. I tried to call, but I think I wrote the number down wrong," she said, feeling only a fleeting sense of guilt.

"That's okay. I'll send it to you in an email later. Everything all right?"

"Fine." She yawned. "But I need to get in the shower. I'll call you later, okay?"

"Sure thing. I love you."

"Love you, too." No sooner had she hung up than the phone rang again. She picked it up and said, "Forget something?"

"You've got the wrong person again."

A shiver danced up her spine. "Sorry, Michael." His name slid so easily off her tongue. "I wasn't expecting to hear from you."

"Amazing thing, caller ID. I hope you don't mind."

She shook her head, amused and turned on at the same time. "Seems only fair, since I woke you up last night."

"Busy?"

She looked toward the bathroom. She needed to take a shower and get dressed. She was supposed to be in a meeting at 9:30. She snuggled back under the covers and spread her legs. "Not really."

"Good. Because this is an obscene phone call." ☎️

"Call Me," by Kristina Wright, from *Best of Best Women's Erotica 2*, edited by Violet Blue. Published by Cleis Press, 2010.

the return of a queen

Our 2003 Pet of the Year, Sunny Leone, followed up her year as the Queen of *Penthouse* by expanding her adult-entertainment repertoire. Since then, she's won awards for her girl-girl work, she thrilled her fans in 2008 when she filmed her first scene with a guy, and her website is so well-done that she was named Web Starlet of the Year at the 2010 AVN Awards. We're happy to welcome back the sultry brunette, especially in these erotic and artistic new images.

Photographs by Christopher Love





"I love having sex
anywhere, but my
favorite place is in the
car. I like to give road
head, but it's more than
that. I enjoy driving to
someplace quiet and
remote to screw."







"My favorite fantasy is being tied up with silk ropes and blindfolded for a threesome with a man and a woman. They would kiss me all over, and I wouldn't know whose lips were on my body, then they would fuck me."





"I had an incredible sexual experience after my Pet of the Year party. I met a guy there and made out with him before he pushed me into the bathroom, put me up on the sink, and fucked me. Then he took me back to his place and screwed me all night, till I had to leave for my flight out of town. It was an amazing night!"







"The biggest turn-on for me is a man who's smart, dresses well, and has a lot of confidence. He's got to feel confident enough to walk around in his underwear, because that's what gets me excited."

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NURSES 101

Penthouse Features

Melissa Jacobs has certainly made a name for herself since she debuted as our October 2005 Pet of the Month. She pulls a double-shift in this all-girl feature with a pair of noteworthy and memorable scenes. Her fireside coupling with Lana Lopez is a showstopper in more ways than one, while her threesome with Giselle Ibiza and hot blonde Nikita Von James is hands-down winner for the disc's most ambitious vignette. The rest of the cast is a treat as well. Lana and Emy Reyes—full-boobed and tiny-titted Latina honeys, respectively—start the show with a daring display of

dildo work and fingerplay; watching Lana frig her sweet pink clam while she gets pronged with a big-balled dildo is a high point, as is the sight of Emy coming on Lana's lips. A nicely filmed scene with Karlie Montana and Trisha Uptown is slow and sensual, building from soft, sweet caresses to face-sitting and some excellent tongue-fucking on Karlie's part. The dramatic action leans a little close to *Scrubs* territory, but that show didn't feature hot and horny angels of mercy getting down and dirty, did it?

Above: Karlie Montana and Trisha Uptown
Right: Lana Lopez



By Johnny Bronx



SEX ON THE JOB Penthouse Features

Every guy dreams of having sex at work, but this flick shows that ladies look for action on the clock, too. For my money the best scene features adorable redheaded slut Delila Darling as a horny cop ready to get some. When she finds studly Dale DaBone flashing his cock on a deserted road, she pulls over, hikes up her skirt, drops to her knees, and starts sucking him off. Then she rides his cock until he bends her over the trunk and takes her from behind for a butt-slapping, hair-pulling monster of a finish. Mason Moore serves up the wildest scene, playing a mechanic with a dirty mouth and an even dirtier mind. If you've never seen her in action, she's a mewling sex machine who squirts like a geyser when she comes. From the second she takes cock in mouth, she's on a nonstop quest for a face full of jizz. She's not disappointed, and you won't be either.

Above left: Mason Moore and Rocco Reed
Above right: Dylan Ryder and Randy Spears



INFIDELITIES Penthouse Forum

This sexy, well-executed movie has as many dramatic peaks as erotic ones. Curvy Mia Lelani kicks things off when she finds her husband's stash of other women's panties. She gives the cheating bastard a taste of what he's been missing by letting him feast on her pussy, then delivers a B.J. that leads to a well-lensed sixty-nine before a wild reverse-cowgirl and a tummy-glazing finish. Randy Spears finds a cache of his wife's love letters—from another man, of course. Spears lands on his feet, ending up with the other man's wife, box cover girl Dylan Ryder. They make a great sexual team, Dylan using a good combination of hands and throat while she gives him head, and Randy driving it home hard and deep when they fuck. The ladies get in on the action, also, in a pair of scenes, the best being Celeste Star and Tanya Tate's encounter, which is played out in a counseling session about Celeste's jealous hubby—who has a right to be jealous after all!

All the DVDs reviewed in *Penthouse* can be purchased at PenthouseStore.com.

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■ ON ICE

James and I are straight out of a cheesy eighties movie. He's a hockey player and I'm a figure skater, and we both practice at the local rink. Between our classes at nearby colleges and crazy training schedules, we rarely have time for dates. When we do see each other, we tend to get straight to the fucking.

Last week I saw James for the first time in about a month, since when we'd both had time off from school and practice, we'd planned separate vacations with our friends and families. When we got back, the first thing we did was return to the rink for practice. He was finishing up with his team and getting ready to do some solo work when I showed up to train for my next exhibition. When we finished a few hours later, we were the only two left and the manager had given us the key to lock up for the night. I was ready to head out, too, but James had other plans for us.

"Why don't we just hang out here for a bit?"

"And do what?" I asked. It's an ice rink, after all. Aside from skating, there isn't much to do. And it's freezing cold when you're not bundled up or working up a sweat.

James just wiggled his eyebrows suggestively and I got the drift. It seemed crazy, staying late in the cold building to fool around, but I couldn't turn down the naughty opportunity. I found myself smiling in agreement.

James pulled me off the ice and into the penalty box, where he sat me on the bench and began unlacing my skates. It took a while to get off all our layers of gear—several pairs of skating tights for me and bulky pads for James—but once we did, things took off.

Being naked in the cold air was thrilling in a way I'd never expected, and when James pulled me down onto the bench with him, I let go of whatever inhibitions I had about having sex rink-side. When we kissed and fondled each other, I could see the heat radiating off our bodies in the cold air. I'd never experienced anything like that before, and it aroused me so much! I wondered what it would look like when we fucked, if our bodies would give off heat, and whether we'd feel the chill once we started to get hot and heavy.

The bench was hard against my back, and my skin was covered in goose bumps from the cold, but none of that mattered once James pushed



his cock into me. After a month without his dick, it didn't matter if we were on a hard bench or a soft bed, as long as I got fucked.

By the time his cock was buried to the base in my pussy, I had forgotten all about our icy surroundings and focused only on the pleasure I felt. Each inward thrust made me feel full and warm, and each outward stroke left me craving more. I couldn't stop from moving against James, and he didn't seem to mind, shifting his body to accommodate my thrusts. Soon I couldn't feel the cold at all, and judging by the sweat that was beading on my boyfriend's skin, he couldn't feel it either.

Our fucking picked up speed, and our bodies smacked together loudly in the empty building until we were ready to climax. When we came, both of us moaned, and I saw faint clouds

of steam rising off our bodies. I have to say, considering the frigid setting, it was a pretty hot experience!—*Name and address withheld*

■ GETTING OFF ON THE RIGHT FOOT

I'm not sure how it started, but I have this foot fetish that I can't get over. The first thing that attracts me to a woman is almost always her feet. Luckily, I'm a lifeguard, so I get to see lots of gorgeous women's pretty feet all day, every day. No one wears shoes at the beach, so it's a foot fetishist's paradise.

My favorite feet are ones that look well cared for but natural. I don't like women with toenail polish or who have obvious pedicures. I don't want calluses or gnarly nails, but I don't want prima-donna feet either. Usually I can tell what kind of feet a woman has by what she's wearing, but last week I got thrown for a loop by one of the beachgoers I was admiring.

The woman was in her early forties and had on a ridiculously glam bathing suit and a big floppy hat. She was at least 15 years older than me, but she had a tight body and looked kind of like Pamela Anderson. But I

Being naked in the cold air was thrilling, and I let go of whatever inhibitions I had about having sex rink-side.

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figured she'd have high-maintenance feet, and that was a turnoff for me. Imagine my surprise when, as she walked away from her friends and toward my lifeguard stand, I finally caught sight of her feet. There wasn't a drop of polish on her toes, and her feet looked groomed but not overdone. She was the total package!

She walked up and asked what time the beach closed, and I had to force myself not to stare at her feet. "That's such a long time from now," she said when I told her the beach was open until nine o'clock, ten hours later. "I should have asked when you get off work."

I wasn't sure why she was asking, but I let her know that I took a lunch break around noon.

"Oh, good," she said, "because I noticed you admiring me, and I was wondering if you would care to join me for a drink. Noon is a bit early, but perhaps a smoothie?"

I couldn't believe she was putting the moves on me, but I recovered from my surprise in time to agree to meet her at her cabana as soon as I went on break. For the next hour I couldn't stop thinking about this cougar with the perfect toes. I checked out the sandal-clad feet of every woman who walked past me, but none compared to—I didn't even know her name.

As soon as the other lifeguard came to take over at noon, I bolted to the line of cabanas and looked for hers. Number 47, she'd said, and the cougar was sitting right outside, waiting for me. She had one leg draped over the other, and she was bouncing her foot up and down. Up close her feet looked even more perfect, and I wanted to get down on my knees and suck her toes, but I knew that wasn't really the best way to start things off.

The hot cougar didn't waste time, and after giving me a minute to admire her feet, she got up and grabbed me. "My husband will be back by two," she said.

She pulled me into her cabana and stripped off her one-piece swimsuit quickly. I still didn't know her name, but I didn't care. She followed up by jerking down my trunks and forcing me out of them. Then she lay down on the cot and told me, "Have your way with me, stud!" Well, if she thought I was a stud...

I leaned over her and kissed her hard, then moved my mouth down her body, leaving a trail of kisses as I traveled further south. She probably

thought I was going to eat her out, but I'd make time for that later. First I needed to get a taste of those gorgeous toes. When I finally reached her feet, I sucked a big toe into my mouth and treated it like I had her nipples, swirling my tongue around it, nibbling on it, flicking it with the tip of my tongue. It was clear the cougar wasn't expecting this, but when I looked up I saw that her eyes were closed and her fingers were clenching the sheet. She was definitely turned on.

I moved on to the next toe and the next, until I'd sucked each one individually, on both feet, and then I sucked all five toes of her right foot into my mouth. I swirled my tongue in and out between them, and the cougar went nuts. "Oh!" she gasped. "I don't know what you're doing down there, but don't stop!" I sucked her toes until my dick was so hard I thought I'd blow a load without fucking her.

When I couldn't take it anymore, I got on top of her and aimed my cock at her surprisingly juicy cunt. I slid into her with ease, and fucked her hard. I was so aroused from sucking her toes that I didn't even try to take it slow. I just pounded her cunt ferociously. I went balls-deep with each thrust, and she went crazy each time. "Oh, you're such a stud!" she cried over and over. Hell, yeah I was!

I'd probably spent a good 20 minutes sucking her toes, but after about five minutes of fucking I was ready to come. I hoped she'd come first, and thankfully, she did. She gushed like crazy, and when I was sure she was done, I pounded into her a few more times. When I couldn't take it anymore, I pulled out and quickly moved off her so I could come on her feet. I coated her toes with my thick cream, and she moaned loudly as I did. Apparently it made her hot all over again, because when I was done jerking my wad onto her toes, she bent one leg at a weird angle and licked her foot, sucking off my come.

We had time for one more round. She got me hard by jerking me off between her feet (with a little help from me), then rode me in cowgirl position, so I could play with her feet while we went at it. It was some of the best sex I'd ever had.

I moved down her body, leaving a trail of kisses. She thought I was going to eat her out, but I'd make time for that later.



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I had to get out of there before her husband came back, but she made sure to tell me she'd be around all week. For the next five days, I got amazing footjobs from her, and she let me suck her toes as much as I wanted. It was good stuff!—*M.T., Hawaii*

■ WHAT A SUCKER!

This is going to sound like a lie, I'm sure, but my favorite thing to do, sexually, is give head. I know a lot of girls may say that, but, truthfully, nothing turns me on more than sucking my husband's fat cock and having him come in my mouth.

Last week Chad and I were at the grocery store, and when we stopped by the freezer to pick up some ice cream, the Popsicles got me thinking about his dick. It's cliché, but phallic objects get me in the mood for the real thing, and I felt like I had to suck my husband's cock immediately. I couldn't do it in the store itself, for obvious reasons, but I didn't want to wait until we got home, either. While we checked out, I considered our options. Then it hit me: I could blow him behind the store by the discarded boxes. Unless someone's moving and needs the boxes, no one ever goes back there. And considering how early in the morning it was, I figured we'd be safe.

As soon as we left the store, I pulled Chad—and our cart—to the side of the building and dragged him around back. He was protesting, saying that someone might steal our groceries, but I didn't care.

I pushed Chad up against the wall behind the tower of boxes, dropped to my knees on the small cement platform, and pulled down his sweatpants and boxers. His cock was already hard and standing at attention, and I laughed. As much as he made fun of how easy it was to get me aroused, he was just as bad. I spit in my hand and reached up to stroke his cock for a minute, then leaned in and sucked the tip into my mouth.

There was already pre-come on his dick and the head tasted salty when I swiped my tongue around it. I savored the flavor, sticking to the tip for a minute. Once I'd licked up the pre-come and gotten Chad amped up, I went to work. I take giving head very seriously, and I made sure to play with his balls and stroke his shaft as I bobbed my head on his dick. Chad fisted his hands in my hair and I knew he wanted me to deep-throat him, so as soon as his cock was lubed up and



I felt ready, I took him in all the way. I held him there for a moment before bobbing on him again.

When Chad started grunting, I knew he was about ready to come. I reached back to cup his balls, squeezing them every so often, and changed up the pattern of the blowjob. I'd suck for a few seconds, then start bobbing, then swirl my tongue all over his shaft. He thrust against my mouth, then I felt his balls pull up from my hand. I knew he was ready to come. After a few more licks, I pushed one finger against the skin between his ass and scrotum and sucked his dick deep into my throat again. That was all it took.

I milked Chad's balls until he was empty, then slid off him, wiped my mouth, and stood up. Chad pulled up

his pants while I brushed off my knees. Then it was back to our shopping cart—which, as I'd predicted, was exactly where we'd left it, with all our groceries still inside—and to the car.

On the way home, I fingered myself to climax. Of course, watching me only got Chad hard again, so when we got home, I gave him another blowjob before we finally fucked. Afterward, I sucked his dick clean. Like I said, I love having a cock in my mouth.—*R.C., Ohio*

■ STRAP ONE ON

As I stepped into the harness and fastened the straps around my thighs, I knew I was in for a good night. Rose, Amelia, and I were finally going to have the threesome we'd been discussing for weeks—just thinking about it made my pussy wet.

It all started when I'd told the girls about the strap-on I'd bought so my boyfriend, Paul, could double-penetrate me—and how we'd broken up before we had a chance to try it out. Rose and Amelia had both begged me to see it, then they demanded I put it on and show them

Chad fisted his hands in my hair and I knew he wanted me to deep-throat him, so I took him in all the way.

how it worked. "I can't really show you how it works," I explained, "unless you want me to use it on you."

I was joking, of course, but the girls looked at each other, then back at me, and said in unison, "We're in!"

It wasn't that simple for me. Sure, I'd hooked up with my friends at various times, and I'd had plenty of threesomes with them and their boyfriends, but I'd never had an all-girl threesome, and I wasn't sure how it would work. I was also a little nervous about playing the role of the man in our romp, since I was the one with the strap-on. I told them I needed to think about it. And think about it I did. Every minute of every day for a week straight I thought about it, fantasized about it, dreamed about it. Finally, when I couldn't take the salacious thoughts any longer, I called my girlfriends and we set a date. We had to wait two weeks to get together, but we called and emailed every chance we got, sharing our fantasies about the threesome and discussing what sort of lingerie to wear.

When the night finally arrived, we all put on our sexiest panties and met at Amelia's house. We fooled around a bit on her California-king-size bed, just fondling and kissing, getting one another aroused. Then it was time for the strap-on. While I

buckled the harness around my hips, my girlfriends continued kissing each other, occasionally reaching out to feel me up while I got ready for them. Once I had the strap-on firmly fastened, we were all set to begin.

I moved over to Amelia and started kissing her and rubbing her ass, the dildo between us butting up against her stomach. I shifted until the rubber dick was nudging her thighs, trying to get between her legs. She parted them and moaned as the dildo hit her panty-covered crotch. I thrust slowly, massaging her pussy through her silk bikini briefs, and she thrust back against me, quickly picking up speed until she was furiously humping my rubber cock. It was clear that she wanted to come, but her panties were in the way of her complete enjoyment of my strap-on. Reaching between her legs, I tugged the silk crotch to one side—she was drenched! Then I pushed my cock back between her legs, this time easing it into her cunt.

I knelt behind Amelia, thrusting my dildo back into her and gripping her hips so I could really pound her pussy.



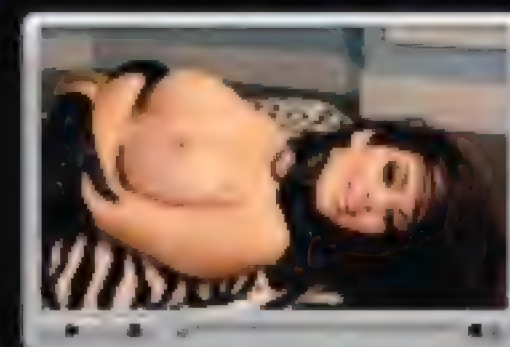
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Rose was watching intently as I pushed the strap-on into Amelia, and both women moaned as I filled Amelia's pussy with my shaft. I looked down and watched as I pulled out, the silicone dildo now slick with my girlfriend's juices. I kept my eyes on the cock as I thrust back in, and I was amazed that I was the one doing the fucking. The idea that I was screwing my girlfriend blew my mind and turned me on all at once. I stroked faster, getting more and more into it the more I thrust. All the while, the base of the dildo was rubbing against my clit through my thin, lacy boy shorts, and I felt my pussy getting as slick as Amelia's.

I pulled out of Amelia's cunt and moved her into doggie-style position. Then I knelt behind her, thrusting my dildo back into her. I gripped Amelia's hips so I could really pound her pussy and was working up a really good rhythm when I remembered Rose. Suddenly I felt bad that she was being left out. But she had things under control. Not a minute after that thought crossed my mind, the now-naked brunette was sliding into place with her pussy right beneath Amelia's mouth. Amelia didn't need more of an invitation than that, and she immediately tilted her head down until she could easily eat out Rose's cunt.

As my hips slammed against Amelia's ass, her tongue assaulted Rose's pussy and clit. In a matter of minutes, all three of us were moaning loudly and begging to come. My own pussy was already throbbing with the need to climax, and I had the least stimulation of the three of us, so I could only imagine how much the other girls needed release.

I pounded furiously into Amelia, hoping one of us would come soon. She moaned loudly as I filled her over and over again with my silicone cock, and I could tell that she had to work extra hard to stay focused on eating Rose's pussy. The fucking was having a similar effect on me, and it took a lot of willpower to not pull out of Amelia, rip off my harness, and use the dildo to fuck myself silly. But I wanted her to come, too.

To my surprise, it was Rose who came first, her fingers digging into Amelia's blonde hair and pulling her head deep between her thighs as she screamed with pleasure and thrashed around on the bed. That spurred me on and I started to pump harder, the cock's shaft slamming into Amelia's

cunt over and over while the base banged savagely against my clit. It only took another dozen or so thrusts to push Amelia over the edge, and she cried out with pleasure as her orgasm raced through her body.

When I reached my own climax a few moments later, the feeling was explosive. I bit back a scream as my whole body shook with ecstasy.

We took a break and had a few glasses of wine. Then Rose demanded a turn with the harness, and I had no sooner stepped out of it than she was stepping into it.

"Now it's your turn to get fucked," she said, grinning wickedly at me. Who was I to deny her?

For the next few hours, the three of us traded the strap-on back and forth until we'd fucked and sucked in every possible combination. I have a new boyfriend now, but I don't plan on mentioning the strap-on play to him. At least for now, that's ladies only!—J.L., Oregon

I got on my knees and dove in right away. Amanda's bare cunt was small and pink, with thick lips and a hard little clit.

■ TAKE ONE FOR THE TEAM

The best part of being a male cheerleader on my college squad is hanging around all the hot girls. Everyone thinks the football players and basketball players get all the chicks, but that's not true. I take home plenty of beautiful girls. After last week's big game, for instance, every football player was hoping to hook up with Amanda, the head cheerleader. She's a hot little blonde with a curvy body and big tits, and whenever she's on the field, even the players can't keep their eyes off her. When the squad was heading back to the locker room to change after the game, all the guys were hounding me for info on Amanda and asking who had the best shot with her. I said I wasn't sure—and I wasn't. Amanda's tastes change from day to day, so she could have been interested in any one of them.

When the guys left to go to the bar, I stuck around to make sure all the girls had rides and were okay. (That's part of my recipe for success with the ladies.) The only girl left was Amanda. She called me into the girls' locker room, saying she wanted to ask me a question. I walked back to meet her, and when I found her by her locker, she was naked except for the ribbons in her hair and the pom-poms in her hands. I laughed at my luck. She was,



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after all, the only cheerleader I hadn't hooked up with yet.

"I heard the guys asking you who I'd hook up with tonight," she said. "Those poor guys think they have a chance again."

I grinned. Most of them had already had their shot with Amanda, and she wasn't one to go back for seconds—not until she'd sampled everything else being offered. And while she'd been working her way through the athletes, she'd never been with me.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked coyly, and I jumped into action.

I got on my knees and dove in right away. I'd hoisted her into the air plenty of times, but unlike the other girls, Amanda always wore panties under her skirt, even during practice. Finally seeing that bare cunt up close was amazing. It was small and pink, with thick lips and a hard little clit, and I made sure to lick every inch of it. There was not a single bit of that cunt I didn't taste, and it was delicious, like honey.

Eventually I wanted to do more than taste her, and when she dropped the pom-poms to pull me closer, I knew it was time. I got up before making her come and pulled down my pants. I didn't bother undressing the rest of the way. I took off just enough to free my dick, then sat on the bench between the lockers and pulled Amanda down on my lap. She straddled me right away,

and I slid inside her easily. Then the fun really started.

Amanda bounced furiously in my lap, fucking me for all she was worth, and I thrust up into her as hard as I could, trying to match each of her strokes with one of my own. Her smooth thighs crashed into mine over and over, and her big tits kept rubbing roughly against my chest. When that position started to get old, Amanda took over, directing me to lie back on the bench so she could ride me properly. I did as she commanded, and when she started humping me again, it was even better than before. She was wildly uninhibited, and she sped up as she got closer to climaxing, her tits bouncing every which way as she fucked me into oblivion.

I thrust deep into her until she'd finished coming, and then it was my turn. Another few pumps and I was a goner, filling her cunt with my come. When we were done, we washed up in the showers and then headed out to meet the rest of the squad at the bar. No one even bothered asking what had taken us so long.—*J.D., Arizona*

Amanda bounced in my lap, fucking me for all she was worth, her big tits rubbing roughly against my chest.

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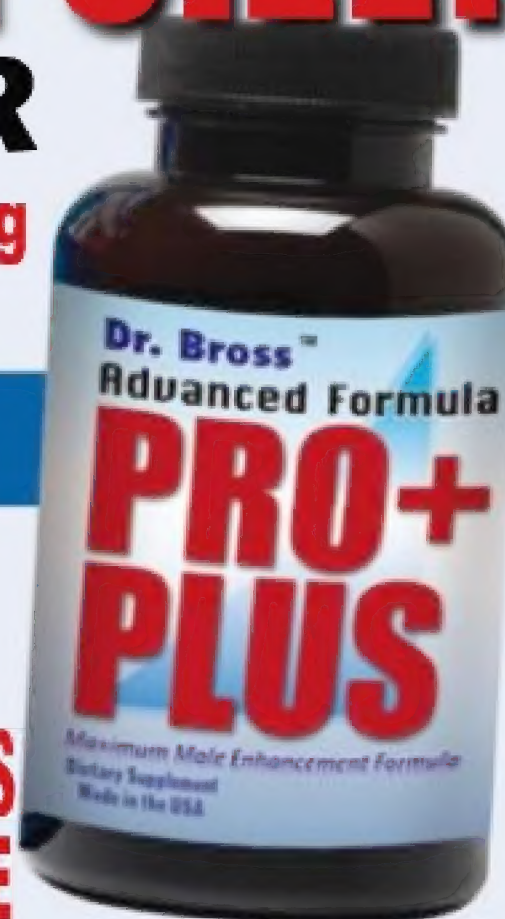
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We'll let the rest of the world prepare for St. Patrick's Day by adding green food dye to beer, hanging shamrocks, and buying KISS ME I'M IRISH T-shirts. We'd rather ogle Amy Ried and Lana Lopez as they get in the spirit ... and into each other's panties.

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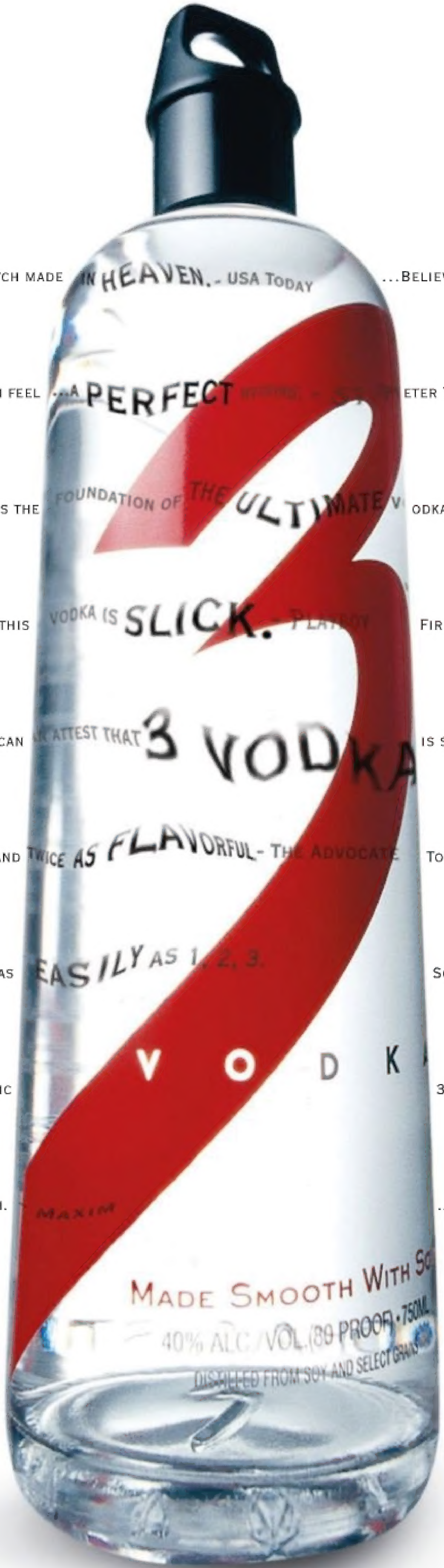
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